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BENEDICT KIELY

HOW WE VOTED—and WHY **ANGUS CAMPBELL**

Workers & Welfare **THE POOR AGAINST THEMSELVES**

RICHARD A. CLOWARD and FRANCES FOX PIVEN

Blacks and Students: Critics of Society

T. B. BOTTOMORE

Why Produce Lear? **HAROLD CLURMAN**

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LETTERS

Franco's peace?

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: After reading your editorial entitled "Franco's Price" [Sept. 30], I feel it my duty to clarify quite a number of inaccurate and misleading statements. . . . Your editorial writer seems to know more than the official spokesmen—of the Pentagon, the State Department and the Spanish Embassy—when he unhesitatingly states that "Franco's invoice includes $1 billion in military aid over a period of five years." Could you be kind and fair enough to publish the source of that information? I seriously doubt that any of the three organizations above mentioned could be quoted. . . .

Circles close to the State Department and Pentagon will both confirm that through these negotiations, Spain has not requested aid stated in a specific sum of dollars. Spain has explained and clarified its defense requirements, and has insisted on an attempt to obtain a clear guarantee of security. Furthermore, who can put a price upon a World War II destroyer? . . .

Finally, I would like to refer your writer to the 175 American corporations which have branches in Spain. Let him ask why they are investing capital in my country. I will mention just one reason which is not of an essentially economic nature: Spain has been at peace since 1939, and enjoys this peace because of Franco. . . . *Jaime de Urzaiz, Counselor of Information, Spanish Embassy*

The Nation did not receive its information from any of the official sources suggested by Mr. Jaime de Urzaiz, but rather from the press coverage of Washington affairs. We assume that, as information officer of the Spanish Embassy, he must be familiar with the same sources. *The Editors*

two wrongs

Tokyo, Japan

DEAR SIRS: Has it occurred to anyone that Japan is the "free-world's" Czechoslovakia? Consider. The United States regards Red China in the same way that Russia regards West Germany, and insists on stationing troops in Japan (including Okinawa) just as Russia does in Czechoslovakia.

Again, Japanese overtures to China (better trade relations, possible diplomatic recognition, etc.) raise the same howls of protest from the Chinese Ulbricht in Taiwan that Prague's liberalization policy did in East Berlin.

Finally, if through democratic means, Japan were, hypothetically speaking, to attempt to adopt its own independent "road to socialism," the United States—the "visible" as well as the "invisible" government—could hardly be expected to stand idly by. Greece alone should tell us that. . . . Two wrongs, it is true, don't make a right; but let's not kid ourselves about their existence. *Abraham Glicksman*

hawks of a feather

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Helen Mears, in her letter [*The Nation*, Nov. 4], points out that Richard Nixon, as well as Curtis LeMay, has declared the use of nuclear weapons acceptable. It is only fair to add that this has also been the official and publicly proclaimed position of the United States, at least under the Johnson Administration:

> Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara told House members in testimony published yesterday that the United States will use nuclear weapons "*in any situation in the world when we believe it is desirable to use them in our own interest.*"—*The Washington Post*, May 15, 1965.

Alice Alt

EDITORIALS

Moment of Truth

At some point in the Paris talks a rift between Saigon and Washington was bound to take place, and then the reality of the relationship would at last be naked for the world to see. For years Washington has kept up the pretense that we are in Vietnam merely to provide a military shield behind which the South Vietnamese might exercise the right of self-determination. In such matters it is always dangerous to establish a false frame of reference; the lesser or weaker party to the deception may eventually begin to take seriously the "cover story" designed to conceal the actual relationship.

We have not sacrificed 29,000 American lives and spent more than $83 billion in South Vietnam to insure the right of self-determination. We are there in pursuit of the policy, however mistaken, of containing Communist China and safeguarding the sea lanes to Japan, until such time as Japan is in a position to play a significant military role in Asia, particularly in Southeast Asia. But Mr. Rusk and his predecessors could not bring themselves to be candid about our purposes. Then, too, any frank statement of our real purposes might have produced embarrassing political repercussions in Japan, as well as in this country. Now, of course, American spokesmen in Washington and Saigon feel that they have been betrayed, and Secretary Clifford has angrily announced that we will negotiate with or without a South Vietnamese delegation in Paris.

He is right: the negotiations must go forward. But the vice in the relationship between Saigon and Washington has a deeper significance. Our policy makers have never been able to take the South Vietnamese seriously; to them the local leadership has been, at different times, a convenience, an irritation and an irrelevance. This attitude, which is implicit in the current confusion, no doubt contributed to it.

Ambassador Bunker thought he had Thieu's concurrence to the draft of the communiqué issued in Washington; it developed he did not. The Vietnamese contend that they had approved the draft of a counter-communiqué which indicated that they would attend a "preliminary" conference in Paris to discuss procedures, but that the communiqué issued in Washington omitted the qualifying word.

Thieu holds that Mr. Bunker and his deputy, Mr. Berger, must have known that they were required to secure the approval of other officials: How could we have forgotten the provisions of a constitution which we had gone to such pains to initiate, if not to draft? At one of the heated early-hour conferences in Saigon, Thieu is reported to have said to Mr. Berger: "It sounds as though you are the deputy ambassador representing Hanoi instead of the American deputy ambassador to Saigon." But given the real relationship, how could Mr. Berger *not* resent the reluctance of Thieu and his colleagues to go along with a plan which Washington had approved?

Puppets always resent the puppeteer who, in turn, is always annoyed when the puppets start pulling the strings.

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The Shadow Presidency

Under this title in *The Nation* of September 6, 1965, James MacGregor Burns wrote an article which has become more, not less, timely in the intervening three years. Analyzing the "debility" of the opposition party under the American political system, Professor Burns attributed it to the aggrandizement of the Presidency by the electronic media and other factors, the splitting of the opposition into Presidential and Congressional factions, and the "titular" leadership accorded to the defeated Presidential candidate—which, Burns said bluntly, is "a polite term for being shelved or even repudiated."

The Congressional faction is almost equally impotent by reason of its own internal divisions, the frequent disagreements between Senate and House and, in contrast to the Shadow Cabinet in Great Britain, its lack of institutional structure. In the case that now obtains, when the opposition party is in control of Congress, responsibility and power are divided, and any conflict between the President and Congress has at least the semblance of willful partisanship on the part of the legislators, while the President is almost under compulsion to orient his strategy toward gaining control of Congress in the next election.

Whether the opposition is out all the way, or only in part, the problem is aggravated by the conglomerate nature of American political parties and their chronic programmatic confusion. The remedy would be a competitive shadow Presidency, supported by an adequately structured opposition. A beginning toward such an opposition was made in the 1950s with the creation of the Democratic Advisory Council, which formulated policy, issued position papers and provided collective leadership. Further steps might entail an annual or biennial convention or conference, with power to choose a top opposition leader and revise the program in the light of the unsuccessful campaign and subsequent developments.

In such a program Professor Burns saw a rare opportunity to build new political institutions and generate creative leadership, with a sense of national purpose. But where is the money to come from? Is it too radical to suggest that Congress, which supports the military so generously, might appropriate funds that would be insignificant by comparison for needed political innovation?

The *Toronto Daily Star* (October 31) reports that Prime Minister Trudeau has offered $195,000 a year in public funds to the three opposition parties for hiring research workers, to the end that criticism of the government may become more constructive. In principle the opposition parties have accepted, while differing (politics, after all, is politics) on the division of the funds. But if the principle is sound in Canada, is it not also sound here?

The Southern Negro Vote

Among the new breed of self-styled revolutionaries who have said farewell to electoral politics "and all that jazz," it is of course heresy to suggest that Southern Negroes are inching along politically. But a glance at the Negro vote in the Southern states is reassuring—if seen in proper

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perspective. In these states Negroes won seventy new posts, including seven seats in state legislatures. In the region they now hold something like 370 elective offices. For the first time since the turn of the century, Florida and North Carolina have a Negro each in their legislatures. In Georgia, Negroes gained three additional seats in the lower House of the state legislature, and in Tennessee they acquired two seats in the state Senate. They also won election to such offices as justice of the peace and county commissioner, with about half of their victories coming in Alabama and Mississippi. Some seventeen of the eighty candidates sponsored by the new National Democratic Party in Alabama were victorious.

This may not be sensational progress, but it is impressive when one recalls that not so long ago Negroes were afraid to register in these states except in selected communities. And the Negro turn-out in the region is the more impressive because the "choices" offered in most of the races were not such as to arouse much enthusiasm among blacks. In Arkansas, the Negro vote seems to have been responsible for the re-election of Governor Rockefeller, as well as Senator Fulbright who, in this campaign, actively sought their vote. Rep. Richard H. Fulton was re-elected from the 5th C.D. in Tennessee largely with the aid of Negro voters; in some sections Negroes voted for him in the ratio of 1,000 to 20. In North Carolina, Rep. Nick Galifianakis (5th C.D.) was returned with strong Negro support.

Negro gains in the South must, of course, be measured against the fact that Wallace carried six Southern states, but his vote thinned out noticeably in the rim of the South and border states. The potency of the Negro vote will increase in national calculations if the electoral college is abolished and with it the practice of giving all of a state's electoral votes to whoever carries the popular vote.

In an editorial introduction to a special issue on the Southern Negro voter (September 27, 1952), we said: "When Negroes are able to vote in the South in the same ratio as they now vote in the North and West, the liberal movement may experience another upsurge similar to the New Deal." That day is not yet, but it is rapidly approaching. If the elements outside the South who backed the voter-registration drives will continue their support, and if they begin to contribute to selected Negro candidacies and to campaigns in which the Negro vote is likely to be decisive, the landscape of Dixie politics can be substantially changed between now and 1972.

The Great German Spy Farce

If big-time international snooping were not such a deadly business, a musical comedy could be written about the current spy scandal in West Germany. It has shaken NATO to its depths—which these days, to be sure, are not very deep. So far, six West German Government officials, three of them high-ranking military officers including an admiral and a general, have been apparent suicides, five arrests have been made, and six suspects have fled behind the iron curtain. Without desiring to interfere in West Germany's internal affairs, a well-wisher might suggest that possibly its five or more separate counter-espionage organizations may be tripping over one another's feet.

The German spy scare appears to be connected with the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Defections among Czechoslovak officials are said to have included one senior intelligence officer, who presumably blew the whistle on members of a Soviet spy ring. The suicides followed.

The case of Rear Admiral Hermann Luedke, 57, is the most interesting. He was implicated when a Bonn photographic shop discovered nine pictures of secret NATO documents on the same roll with vacation shots of Luedke's family. Since Luedke would have had to be grotesquely absent-minded to send such material to a commercial developer, it has been suggested that he was first framed and then murdered. In the other cases, where suicide is not in doubt, the West German Government is trying hard to find respectable motives—like fear of cancer or unhappy love affairs; anything but espionage.

Whether murdered or dead by his own hand, Luedke knew a lot. According to a story in the November 3 *Washington Post*, he was responsible for, and had access to, all NATO tactical nuclear weapons depots, ammunition, fuel and arms dumps, and port, railway and other logistical resources. If it turns out that he was a spy, far-reaching adjustments will have to be made. As one example, NATO's 16,000 tactical nuclear warheads may have to be relocated.

The biggest joke of this grim business was the theft of a U.S. Sidewinder missile, with some pieces of navigational equipment, from a NATO base in West Germany. The thieves simply cut a hole in the fence, loaded the 165-pound missile on a wheelbarrow, and trundled it off to a waiting car. It was then disassembled and shipped to Moscow by air freight. But probably it was no great prize: many Sidewinders have been lost over North Vietnam, and presumably the Russians had samples.

Breaking the Code

Employees of large American corporations display a fervid loyalty to the "firm" that is matched only by the dedication of American politicians to the "team." There is no doubt something appealing about this extension of schoolboy sentiment into adult life, but there is little appealing about the results. Too often, it means that the only people who know where the body is buried are prevented by their somewhat arrested sense of honor from giving the hiding place away. Furthermore, the American abhorrence of "snitching" applies about equally to telling teacher who put the thumbtack on her chair and telling a government committee about practices that may cost consumers millions a year. Neither informant can expect much protection from public opinion.

Thus Jerry W. Finefrock, who dropped out of UCLA as a junior three years ago and went to work for General Telephone Co., installing equipment out of their Long Beach, Calif., office, is a hero of our times. General Telephone is the largest independent phone company in the country—large enough to appeal to the California State

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Public Utility Commission for a $46 million annual rate increase. When the PUC met to consider this request, Mr. Finefrock appeared before it with a 26-page statement on rates, quality of service and installation charges. On the last of these (with which presumably his work had given him some familiarity) Finefrock testified that company charges for such items as colored phones, amplifiers for the deaf, extra jacks, etc., could fairly be reduced or eliminated, to save customers $1 million a year.

The company promptly suspended Finefrock pending "analysis" of his testimony, and Finefrock called a press conference (when boy bites company, it is news). At this meeting it was announced that his suspension was being taken to the NLRB and the American Civil Liberties Union. Finefrock's union is also meeting on the case.

But perhaps the most interesting information that came out of the press conference was the news that Finefrock, though acting alone before the PUC, was a member of an organization among General Telephone employees known as the Telephone Underground. This group was formed "because we felt very strongly that action is needed to insure that General Telephone, in its rates and procedures, serves the public interest." The company, Mr. Finefrock added, "has discouraged all our previous efforts for change."

Efforts for change is what the revolt of youth is all about. And the current activity of Jerry Finefrock suggests that the revolt may not be definable much longer in terms entirely of campus impieties or long hair.

Puerto Rico's New Politics

The political upset which has swept Luis Muñoz Marin's perennial Popular Democratic Party from power foretells a stormy and intriguing political future for Puerto Rico. Statehood enthusiast Luis Ferré, who in launching a fourth campaign for governor had begun to resemble a tropical Harold Stassen, has had the last laugh. His new party won both the governorship and control of the House of Representatives, as well as many mayoralty races.

This drama was preceded by a kaleidoscopic shifting in political alignments on the island. Mr. Ferré himself, in an effort to broaden his "one issue man" image—in the absence of any overwhelming sentiment for statehood—played down his former affiliation with the Statehood Republican Party and won his victory as the head of the recently organized New Progressive Party. On the PDP side, Gov. Roberto Sánchez Vilella first promised to retire at the end of his term (in the wake of the "scandal" of his divorce and remarriage), later changed his mind and then was rejected by the PDP old guard, headed by Muñoz. The bosses were still nursing resentment at what they felt had been Sánchez's attempt to shelve them in favor of younger men in the party. Sen. Luis Negrón Lopez, then Senate majority leader, was chosen instead of Sánchez to head the PDP ticket. Sánchez, stung by this brusque treatment, vowed to run anyway, and became the candidate of still another new group, the People's Party. Many voters were offended at having their governor, whose public record was adequate, so unceremoniously bounced. And much of this resentment turned to cynicism as Muñoz rushed madly about the island, making nonstop speeches and all but obliterating the lackluster Senator Negrón. That Sánchez found a potent issue in "bossism" was indicated by his respectable 81,800 votes—compared with 390,964 for Ferré and 367,355 for Negrón, despite domestic embarrassments and the loss of a viable political base.

With Muñoz, architect of the commonwealth status, retaining his leadership of the Senate, and Ferré already making clear his intention to push for statehood, the stage is set for fireworks in the months ahead. Puerto Rico's future status is the major issue at stake. TRAVIS PUGH

Song of the Rails

Our grandparents tell nostalgic stories of journeys by train across great sweeps of the American landscape: the humming Pullmans, the gleaming diners, the observation cars from which one could watch the land unroll to the syncopated click of the rails. Our grandchildren may well have like experiences to recall. We are the couple of generations in between that were forced onto the turnpikes and into the air by an industry that did not want our patronage and treated us like second-class citizens when we insisted on offering it.

Obviously, we exaggerate. The automobile and the airplane are not the products merely of railroad obduracy but the current agonizing congestion of highways and airports may well be caused by the fact that the average American these days boards a train (when he can still find one that will take him where he wants to go) in a spirit of well-based dejection.

Over the past ten years, 500 trains have been dropped from the country's timetables. This reduction of service, because of such factors as arrival and departure times, connections and public expectations, has a further depressing effect on surviving trains, and year by year the attrition continues. In the end, if the companies have their way, there will be no rail passenger service at all in the world's most highly industrialized nation.

The roads claim they lose millions carrying people, that the only thing they can move at a profit is freight. And the Interstate Commerce Commission, which allegedly regulates the railroads and permits them to drop their trains, has always gone along. But last month the ICC issued a report which stated that, for the years 1954-67, passenger service incurred much smaller losses (in some years there was a slight profit) than is alleged by the roads. Outcries from the carriers were immediate, loud and reproachful. The ICC had betrayed them by adopting practices of bookkeeping considered blasphemous by all devout railroad accountants. It is foolhardy for laymen to intervene between warring bookkeepers, but anyone reading both sides of the controversy can make a shrewd guess as to the true state of affairs: the shipping of people, now unprofitable, could perhaps be made modestly profitable by some display of management enterprise approximating the current revamping of Canadian National's passenger service; but it is unlikely that this branch of the business could ever match the money to be made from shipping goods. Therefore, the

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railroads have been stubbornly displaying their passenger deficits as hemorrhages bleeding the industry white, the better to frighten the ICC into letting them lap up the unadulterated cream of the freight profits.

This comes under the heading of Yankee ingenuity, or the public be damned, and is not to be criticized in the land of free enterprise. Except that railroads are a free enterprise of a particular sort. They enjoy franchises and they operate in the public interest under federal jurisdiction. Congress in the past weeks has been buzzing with the FCC report, and legislators—who enjoy riding today's trains as little as do their constituents—are muttering that something had better be done.

What may very well be done will evoke still shriller cries of outrage. Rep. Thomas M. Pelly of Washington has suggested in a speech to the House that, if the railroads cannot bring themselves to transport the public under conditions of suitable comfort and convenience, the government will have to take over the facilities. If it does so, it will take them, of course, lock, stock and freight revenues—and the private owners will have no one but their bookkeepers to blame.

Leo Huberman (1903-1968)

There were times, as during the era of Joe McCarthy, when one thought of Leo Huberman as perhaps the last American Socialist. But thanks in no small measure to his activities and writings—to his extraordinary persistence, courage and undaunted faith—the small band of authentic American Socialists has increased until socialism is, once again, a live option. He was a Marxist humanist, a Socialist who avoided sectarian ties, the better to concentrate on the task to which he devoted most of his life: testing Marxist insights in the study of American conditions, refining these insights, and convincing an ever larger intellectual audience of their relevance.

Huberman was a notably clear-headed thinker, never sentimental, never malicious, never dogmatic. In part his socialism derived from the generous tradition of William Morris; his taste in food and clothes and furnishings, as well as his manners, showed this influence. As a writer, and above all as an editor, he placed great emphasis on clarity and precision; you might disagree with him but you never had any difficulty understanding what he thought. His books—*Man's Worldly Goods, We, The People* and *The Labor Spy Racket*, among others—formed part of the initiation process by which thousands of Americans became aware of the kind of world in which they lived, and acquired a working knowledge of the nature of a capitalist economy.

Co-founder with Paul Sweezy of *Monthly Review* (1949) and Monthly Review Press (1952), he sustained the major administrative and managerial burdens of these important ventures. But to *The Nation*, Leo Huberman meant a great deal more than this brief statement implies; he was a good friend, a neighbor (*Monthly Review* shared part of our office space for some years), a friendly critic and preceptor, known, respected and admired by all of us.

New York residents may want to attend the memorial meeting for Leo Huberman to be held on December 2, 8 P.M., at the Community Church, 40 East 35th Street.

HOW WE VOTED—AND WHY

ANGUS CAMPBELL
Mr. Campbell is director of the Survey Research Center, University of Michigan, which has been studying Presidential elections since 1948. He is the author, with others, of The American Voter *(Wiley).*

Election returns tell who was elected but they do not say why. The 1968 returns do show, however, that the election was remarkable in a number of ways, and we may be able to discern something of the character of the electoral decision by examining some unusual aspects of the vote.

Most obvious is the fact that the Democrats carried both Houses of Congress while the Republican nominee was winning the Presidency. Mr. Eisenhower had a similar experience in 1956, but this kind of split in the vote has not happened to an incoming President since the establishment of the two-party system in 1860. Not only did the Democrats win but in the House of Representatives, which is more sensitive to current voting moods than is the Senate, they held virtually all their earlier majority. In other words, although the electorate turned down Mr. Humphrey it did not abandon the Democratic Party.

The fact that the Democrats held their House majority is certainly extraordinary in view of the many evidences of political disaffection which one saw in the latter stages of the Johnson Administration. The Democrats suffered severe losses in the House in 1966. Then followed two years of turmoil in American cities and the bloody stalemate in Vietnam; an extension into 1968 of the Democratic decline of 1966 would not have been surprising. But it did not occur, perhaps for a reason which was not anticipated. Over the years the vote for the House has not been as volatile as that for the Presidency. The Presidential vote is more influenced by the personal qualities of the candidates than is the Congressional vote, which more heavily depends on the standing party commitments of the electorate. Nevertheless, a swing toward a popular Presidential candidate often produces votes for the Congressmen running on the ticket with him. This is precisely what did not happen in 1968.

There was undoubtedly a swing away from customary voting habits in this election, but it did not primarily benefit either of the major party candidates; it went very heavily to George Wallace. Despite early predictions that the Wallace candidacy would mainly attract conservative Republican voters, it now seems clear that Mr. Wallace drew

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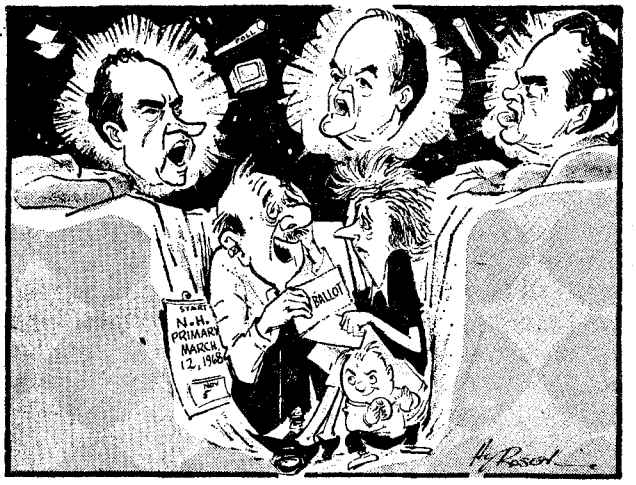
a large proportion of his votes from people who would ordinarily have voted Democratic. These Democrats voting for Wallace were not given the opportunity to support his American Independent Party ticket at the Congressional level; there were no candidates. Apparently most of these voters, having made their protest at the Presidential level, then dropped back to their accustomed support of the Democratic ticket, including the candidates for Congress. Thus the Democratic Party escaped the punishment which it would ordinarily have suffered in an election in which its Presidential candidate ran so poorly.

What the Democratic majorities in the Congress portend for Mr. Nixon remains to be seen. It is relevant, however, that Nixon is the first "genuine" Republican to be elected to the White House in forty years. The eight years of the Eisenhower administration do not provide a realistic comparison. Eisenhower appeared before the public as a man who stood above party and ran on the Republican ticket largely as a matter of convenience. He was, moreover, a man of such towering prestige and affection in the public mind that he was virtually above criticism. The Democrats were afraid to touch him for fear of reprisals from the electorate. Richard Nixon might well wish he were in this enviable position. It is hard to think of anyone since Senator Taft more deserving of the title "Mr. Republican" than the President-elect. He comes to the White House from a lifetime of identification with the Republican Party, whose battles he has fought with devotion, tenacity and an aggressive partisan spirit. We will now see a confrontation between a Republican President and the Democratic Party that has had no parallel since the administration of Herbert Hoover.

Nixon not only has the problem of a Democratic Congress; he also comes to national leadership as the choice of a minority of the electorate. Not since the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912 has a President been elected with so small a proportion of the total vote. It is a wry fact that in losing to John F. Kennedy in 1960 Nixon received a considerably higher proportion of the popular vote than he did in winning against Hubert Humphrey. It is often said that Kennedy felt restricted in the initiative he could take because of his narrow electoral victory. It would not seem in character for Nixon to want to fill a mere caretaker role as President, yet it seems clear that his ability to exploit the potential of the office is seriously compromised by the conditions of his election. He can neither command the loyalty of the majority party in the Congress nor draw strength from a mandate of the electorate. It will require prodigies of leadership on Nixon's part to overcome the disabilities which the national vote has imposed upon him.

The contribution of George Wallace to all this can hardly be overestimated. His 13 per cent of the national vote is the largest a third party has achieved since Theodore Roosevelt undertook to defeat Wilson and Taft in 1912. The Alabamian's appeal was strongest in the South and weakest in New England and the Far West. Precinct data indicate that outside the South he drew most heavily from areas which would ordinarily be expected to vote Democratic. Preliminary survey findings provide evidence that the Wallace votes came much more commonly from Democrats and self-styled independents than they did from Republicans. Republicans have shown themselves in earlier elections to be more difficult to move than Democrats or independents. The evidence is that in 1968 they stood far more solidly with their party's nominees than the Democrats did with theirs.

One might be tempted to conclude that had George Wallace not been on the ballot in fifty states Hubert Humphrey would have won the Presidency handily. But that



Albany Times Union (N.Y.).

"Thank God They Stopped Bombing Us on Tuesday!"

implies the improbable assumption that the vote for Wallace was for him, specifically, and would have been given to Humphrey if Wallace had not been there. It is more likely that the vote for Wallace was in the main a protest and a renunciation of the Democratic Administration, and that a large part of it would have gone to Nixon if Wallace had not been on the ballot. It became evident very early in this electoral year that the Johnson Administration had built up a formidable stockpile of resentment and ill will within the electorate, and that 1968 was not a propitious year to inherit the Democratic nomination. The American electorate has shown before that when it is displeased with the head of an incumbent party it has a predictable tendency to vote against that party. Nixon followed the classical strategy of attempting to exploit these grievances without being too specific in his proposed solutions. His rhetoric was not as violent as Wallace's, but it bore on the same issues. Wallace's post-election statement that Nixon had said "almost identically the same things we were saying in the campaign" exaggerates the similarity of their appeals, but both candidates had been playing variations on a theme.

Of course no one can say how many of the Wallace supporters would have found Nixon a satisfactory choice if Wallace had not been available. The strongest indication of where those votes would have gone comes from preliminary survey data which make it possible to compare the political attitudes of those respondents who were intending to vote for Humphrey, Nixon or Wallace. On questions of welfare legislation, Medicare, aid to educa-

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tion and guaranteed employment, Humphrey supporters were far more favorable than either Nixon or Wallace people, who did not differ greatly from each other. The Wallace supporters were very critical of the nation's foreign policies and very hawkish on Vietnam; in both respects they resembled Nixon supporters more than those favoring Humphrey. On questions of racial integration and civil rights, Humphrey supporters were clearly more favorable than Nixon people and the Wallaceites were by some distance the least favorable. In all these respects those intending to vote for Wallace stood much closer to Nixon supporters than to those favoring Humphrey. More than a third of them reported that they had voted for Goldwater in 1964. Would they have seen Humphrey as being closer to their point of view if they had had to choose between him and Nixon? It seems hardly plausible. George Wallace attracted the votes of a great many people who were out of sympathy with the Democratic Administration and all its works, and had he not been there to receive them, Nixon would almost certainly have been the principal beneficiary.

An additional attribute of the vote tells us something about the election. The total turn-out at the polls appears to have been about 72 million. This means that somewhat less than 60 per cent of the adult population exercised their franchise, the lowest turn-out record in a Presidential election since the phenomentally low one in 1948. That year, it will be remembered, neither major-party candidate stirred much enthusiasm; Harry Truman had been nominated with great reluctance by the Democrats and Thomas Dewey had lost decisively for the Republicans in 1944. The choice apparently bored a considerable proportion of the electorate, and there was obviously something of this same reaction to the election just past. Many Democrats would have preferred a nominee not closely identified with the Johnson Administration; some Republicans would have liked a fresher face than Nixon's. There was a good deal of bitter talk on the college campuses and in some of the liberal magazines about the irrelevance of the Humphrey-Nixon choice. In the end this alienation and apathy did not have as depressing an effect on the vote as it had earlier threatened, and it is likely that the swing toward Humphrey, which the polls recorded during the last few days of the campaign, was made up largely of disgruntled Democrats who finally decided it was better to support their party's ticket than not to vote at all.

With the election over and the issue of the Presidency settled for the next four years we may look back at some of the predictions made in the last few months regarding the future of the American system of choosing a Chief Executive. In the immediate aftermath of the Chicago imbroglio many unhappy Democrats were insisting that the convention system would have to go, to be replaced presumably by some system of national primaries. It would require an act of Congress to impose such a system on the states, and it does not seem likely that the new Congress will have much enthusiasm for any such revision of established practice. The conventions will probably remain with us for some time to come. Much of their madhouse quality could be eliminated by the obvious expedient of cutting the size of the state delegations by 50 per cent or more. It would also contribute to political sanity if a way could be found to restrict television to simple reporting rather than the reporting-*cum*-fomenting at which this group of the press has become so adept.

Much of the criticism of the convention system has come from followers of Eugene McCarthy who appeared to feel there was something basically undemocratic in the fact that their man—who had presented himself to the people in primaries throughout the country—was defeated by a man who had not won a single primary election. But these people have not always found this situation so offensive. It was, after all, Senator McCarthy himself who put the name of Adlai Stevenson in nomination only eight years earlier, although Governor Stevenson had not entered any of the preceding primaries. One may ask whether the grievance is actually with the convention system or with its specific choice in 1968.

There have also been a number of apocalyptic statements regarding the future of the two-party system and its failure to present meaningful alternatives to the electorate. The fact is that more than 9 million people voted for an alternative to the two major parties in this election. The various left-wing candidates for the Presidency drew few votes, and little promise exists of a serious party development to the Left of the Democrats. The potential at the other extreme seems far more real and George Wallace's 9 million supporters may well be the advance guard of a full-blown right-wing party.

The extraordinary difficulty of establishing a third party in the United States is best attested by the fact that for the past hundred years it has not happened. The problem of building an organization of true believers that extends down to the precinct level is overwhelming, especially when the organization cannot provide any immediate political rewards. Perhaps if Wallace undertakes to build on the impressive showing he made in this election he may be able to fashion the party apparatus and the mass following necessary for the continuing development of his party. Certainly there have been repeated demonstrations over the past twenty years that a fraction of the electorate is prepared to break away from the two-party pattern to support a right-wing candidate.

There is great respect in this country for the durability of the institutions of our party system and the power of the two established parties; it would thus be foolish to imagine that they will yield readily to pressure for change. But the Wallace vote this year was the most serious departure from a straight two-party vote we have seen in more than fifty years. Was this due to the particular genius of George Wallace? Was it a reflection of the out-of-jointness of this particular time? Did it reveal a growing alienation among people who feel the country is changing too fast? One cannot say at this point what precisely the Wallace vote meant, but it has shown beyond question that the two old parties are vulnerable to attack from the Right.

The one change in the rules of Presidential politics which is likely to come out of this election is a revision of the law regarding the electoral college. The long period of

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uncertainty during the counting of the vote as to whether Nixon would in fact reach the required 270 total, the rumors of "deals" which would be offered if he did not, and the threat of legal action if a deal were made gave the whole problem of the electoral college an immediacy it has not had before. We shall almost surely see the Congress take up this issue, and it may turn out to be a thorny one. If a proposal were made to replace the electoral college with a simple majority of the national vote we might find ourselves hung up on the same division of large states and small states which plagued the Constitutional Convention nearly 200 years ago. There may be enough small states unwilling to give up the power they now have (in the event an election goes to the House of Representatives) to make it impossible to pass the required amendment to the Constitution. A simple clarification of the obligation of the individual electors to support the candidates in whose name they were elected may be all that Congress will be able to achieve.

This leads to the conclusion that despite the protests and dissatisfaction, despite the disorders and tragedies which have marked political life in this country during the last few months, our complicated system of nominating and electing the President has survived another election and may do so again in 1972. The American public has not been inspired by the election of 1968; some portions of it obviously found the whole process pointless. The next election could bring a new set of faces, which would be a blessing, but it is not likely to bring a new set of rules.

ATLANTA TURKEY

THANKSGIVING IN THE HOOSEGOW

BENEDICT KIELY

Mr. Kiely is the author of Captain With the Whiskers *(Criterion) and* Dogs Enjoy the Morning *(Gollancz), among other books.*

Atlanta

I was walking one day with the late Brendan Behan, in Dublin, in the general direction of a house of refreshment that used to be called, rather mysteriously, "The Old Grinding Young." It was a day of rain and depressed low skies, and a bad Fianna Fail budget; and myself as depressed as the skies. So I said: "If things, Brendan, go on as they're going, like rising prices, rates, taxes, I mean we'll all be in jail for debt."

But it was difficult to be depressed in the presence of Brendan. He knelt down on the rainy pavement, clasped his hands and raised his eyes to the watery heaven, and cried: "No, no, sweet Lord. Keep my friends out of jail. Take not from me my greatest advantage as a writer: that I am a jailbird, repentant, but a jailbird." Then he leaped to his feet, draped his jacket shawlwise around his head, embraced me as a mother would an erring son, and sang to all the passers-by: "Don't send my boy to prison, don't send my boy to jail."

I recall this as I sit, or walk—nothing to sit on except naked wire mattresses—in one of the jail houses in the city of Atlanta, capital of Georgia, the Peach State. Beautiful Atlanta, Dogwood City of the South. I look back over the life of crime that led me hither. Why, to begin with, as an altar boy in a faraway Irish town, did I ever yield to temptation by nibbling at the altar wine? But then all my contemporaries did it, and some are bishops now.

"Welcome to Georgia," says the colored folder in my pocket, "the Vacation State! Georgia is the largest state east of the Mississippi. It is the Peanut, Pecan, Pimiento, Paper, Paperboard and Poultry Capital of the United States. . . ." And this is the evening of Thanksgiving Day.

After lunch the nice hospitable young lady had called to take me, the stranger, out and show me the sights of the city. "So we'll walk," I said, "it's the best way to see a city." She paled, but politely agreed; and we walked downtown, our backs turned on green forested suburbia. We walked along the busy, exceedingly ugly main drag, a gigantic Sears Roebuck to the left, red-clay land, ravaged and cleared for more building, to the right, and beyond that a railroad track, and so on. A noble prospect, by heaven. A poster on a hoarding said: "There's more to see and more to do in Georgia." This, we are to find out before Thanksgiving Day was over, is absolutely true.

For in a high hotel at a street corner we stopped for a Thanksgiving drink. Up to this moment I had been carrying in my left-hand pants pocket a billfold containing a little less than $100, and belonging to the lady: carrying it, I may add, for safety because the catch of her handbag, or purse, as they say here, was inclined to come loose. But when we had entered the dining room-*cum*-bar of the hotel I had put the billfold down on the table at which we sat. It was a spacious dining room. We sat at a table near the door, intending to make only a brief stay. The service bar was in the far corner, diagonally away from us. The place was quiet, almost empty; a blonde lady dining on her own and sitting close to a pillar, her back to us; two small late luncheon parties, one far away, one quite close to us. Thanksgiving Day, like Christmas, is a home-keeping day; for those, that is, who are not strangers in a strange town.

A waitress came; we ordered; a little white wine for the lady, watery American beer for me. It was about three o'clock. We rested and sat and talked for awhile. My umbrella, which—having given away all my blackthorns to friends in Virginia and elsewhere—I was using as a walking stick, was hanging on the rack close to the door by which we had entered.

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We talk and laugh and are quite content. It is Thanksgiving Day in the land of the free and the home of the brave, in Atlanta, Ga., a state in which "history abounds . . . in old Savannah, the battlefields of Atlanta, Andersonville. . . . Nature's wonders await you at Stone Mountain, Okefenokee swamp and in Georgia's mountains. . . ." At least that's what the brochures say.

I was discoursing the remnants of my third beer when the lady arose, excused herself in a way that ladies have and adjourned to the powder room to titivate in preparation for our departure, to see on Peachtree Street the outside (shops are closed for the holiday) of what she told me is an excellent secondhand book shop, whose owner has been twice in hospitable Dublin where strangers (she has heard), and particularly American strangers, are made so welcome. The owner of this book shop even spent his honeymoon in Dublin.

Since then I have seen the inside of that shop and met the owner, and both have pleased me exceedingly. But on that happy Thanksgiving Day we were not to be allowed to see even the outside of it. For in the privacy of the powder room her ladyship suddenly remembered the billfold with the dollars. It is not in her handbag nor, oddly enough, does she recall seeing it on the table when she left me. On winged feet she returns. It isn't there. Nor have I stolen it. You must believe me. Sitting right there we were, happy on Thanksgiving Day, paying no attention, when the billfold was swiped. How? When? Well, nobody except members of the staff of this elegant hotel in Atlanta, Ga., had approached the table. And where did the billfold, with its almost $100, go?

Longfellow, translating from Michelangelo, who was also a poet in a mild way, dwelt on that diverting topic, the law of the conservation of matter: "Nothing that is shall perish utterly, but perish only to revive again in some new form." In other words, that money was removed from that table in that Atlanta hotel, and brought to somewhere else. Money, as matter, lends itself easily to transformation. It was there in its container, the billfold, when we entered the hotel. Then, all of a sudden, it was not there. It could only have been taken away, from the table we sat at, under the cover of a napkin. Some member of the staff, in fact, stole it.

"O.K.," you say, "you wuz robbed. So what?" But wuz you ever robbed, and then arrested for being robbed, and charged with being drunk because you complained that you had been robbed?

Indignant because she has been robbed, the lady calls a waitress. The waitress, with a face like brass, says the lady should tell the management. So the lady leaves me, and goes prancing off to the reception desk. I sit and wait and wonder and the moments pass, until I grow impatient and arise and, leaving my umbrella behind me, go out looking for the lady—to find her conversing with two pistoleers, or policemen, in the foyer of the hotel. They have just arrested her for being drunk. When I venture a mild tourist's protest, they arrest me for being likewise.

They say, in gracious Southern fashion, to the lady who has been robbed of a billfold and almost $100:

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"We're taking you to jail. Drunk." The lady says: "You're kidding."

They are not; and since it is unwise to accuse dashing Southern pistoleers of kidding when they are not, in sober truth, doing anything of the sort, we go with them to inspect the jail. I am, after all, a visitor and am eager to see every aspect of American life. We go, not in a police squad car but in a genuine black maria or paddy wagon, which we have all to ourselves: lady first, and mind the step.

Unquestionably, though, in that black maria or paddy wagon the lady is treated with impeccable Southern courtesy: she isn't struck once. She tells me that she complained to one of the pistoleers about being robbed and that he assured her that that was not possible because we had just been in one of the best hotels in Atlanta. For visitors, I think, to Beautiful Atlanta, Dogwood City of the South, that is, indeed, a comforting thought. Later, she told me that as she sat in solitary confinement a wardress, or policewoman, poked her head into the cell and asked: "You all right now, dearie?" Asked it so nicely, indeed, that the lady hadn't the heart to say that she would be fine and dandy if she but had the liberty she had been wrongfully deprived of and the dollars she had been robbed of in one of the best hotels in Atlanta.

As for myself, heavily escorted by pistoleers I was led or driven to a huge iron cage, as full of folk as Langland's Malvern hillside. Nor was I aware, nor was I informed, that one is legally entitled to ask for a drunkenness test: it seemed scarcely necessary after three watery beers, and all this was happening so rapidly that it was quite as incomprehensible to me as it is to you. This I told myself is what I hear happens in much despised Mexico: you land in jail for nothing, and then the jailers forget all about you and you may stay there forever. But this wasn't Mexico. This was Atlanta, on Thanksgiving Day, with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Nor was my statement that I was a stranger, a visitor to an eminent college in the neighborhood, listened to with any gratifying attention. At the behest of the manager of the hotel where the money was stolen the pistoleers made up their minds. We have said that we have been robbed, so the easiest way to shut our mouths is to say that we are drunk. The charge is made: I am searched. A nail clipper and a Guinness knife, 2 inches long, were removed and never restored, and the pistoleers afterward denied ever having seen them.

Come with me then on Thanksgiving Day to this iron cage full of folk: bums, drunks, gay young men, sad old men, quiet men who mind their own business and who may, indeed, have some very special business to mind and good reasons for keeping it to themselves. Some talk in groups. Some go solitary. Some lean against the walls. Some sit uncomfortably on bare wire mattresses in a series of lesser cages along one wall of the greater cage. These lesser cages can be locked so as to segregate special prisoners, not on grounds of color—for there are no black men here—but on grounds of obstreperousness or importance in criminality. There is a constant outflow and intake, a clashing of keys and clanking of barred steel doors and, in general, a delightful aspect, seldom seen we hope by the tourist of the night life of Atlanta, Ga.

My tourist brochure, of which the search did not deprive me, assured me that "Families frolic at Jekyll Island, Callaway Gardens or thirty-seven state parks. Pitch your camp in the mountains, plant your toes on the beaches of Georgia's seacoast. . . ."

I got talking with a fellow prisoner from New Orleans. His shirt was striped red and white and bagged out over his pants. There was a streak of blood on his face. "Only a bum," he assured me, "would get arrested in Atlanta. It sure is the end of the world."

Exactly my own thoughts at that moment, but then we who lie in jail may not be inclined to regard highly the locality in which the jail is situated. I reminded him that Lacenaire, the assassin and a true Parisian, when he was apprehended in the French provinces, was perturbed that he might be guillotined there and not, as a civilized man should be, in Paris. The red-and-white man from New Orleans says: "Go on. Say it. What am I in for?"

"The best books say that it isn't etiquette for fellow prisoners to ask each other such questions."

"You an amateur?"

"You might say that. In the business, indeed, by the merest accident."

"Armed robbery," he says, "if you want to know."

"Your business is your business. Every man to his trade."

"Say, I like you, Irish," he says. "Might even like the country you come from. But to let ourselves be arrested in Atlanta. We're a pair of bums."

The reason, I gather, is that Georgian prisons have a sort of unhealthy reputation. In this I am, as yet, not qualified to speak, but my friend could well be an authority. He says: "What you in for?" I tell my story. Next to armed robbery, it doesn't add up to much, but at least it amuses my man from New Orleans. He laughs so immoderately that he then feels it necessary to apologize: "No offense, man. But you and that broad shouldn't be out without a keeper. Want to watch your roll in Atlanta. All the hotels are crooked here. All the bellboys pimps."

"They don't print that on the tourist brochures. They should. It might help a sort of trade."

"That trade don't need no help."

This witty interchange sends him into fits. We are attracting the attention of our fellows. The bepistoled keeper of the keys at the gate of steel eyes us dubiously. It is, perhaps, not the done thing for prisoners to laugh. In good Bible country, too, laughter may be a sure sign of intoxication. This is the merriest robber, if he is a robber, that I have ever met. To keep the laughter going he tells me the story about the sheriff arresting Snuffy Smith up thar in the hillbilly country. The sheriff says, "Snuffy, we have you in here for drinking." Snuffy says: "O.K., sheriff, let's go. Mine's Georgia Moon corn whiskey."

A new arrival is dragged, semi-conscious, through the steel-guarded gateway. It is, by no means, Snuffy Smith. He's a big fellow, and has clearly been to the wars. Half his face is missing or is, at least, a bloody, skinless mess. He has somewhere and from somebody taken a helluva

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beating. He may have been asking for it but, for sure, he got it: pressed down and flowing over. He may be drunk, or he may just be beaten unconscious. The two pistoleers cast him down, not exactly as his mother would, on a wire mattress, the butchered side of his face on the naked wire. They don't take time to turn him over to the side that isn't cooked. Pistoleers are busy men—what with all the coming and going. They lock him in and, pistol swinging, depart. He'll feel no pain until he awakens and tries to unstick his face from the wire mattress.

"What'd I tell you," says my merry robber. "Get yourself arrested in Georgia. He answered back. Wise guy. That's where it gets him."

He laughed some more at me when I asked him are policemen and prison warders not commonly trained to beat up prisoners so that the marks don't show. Where did I read that, in a book? He may, I feel, be a somewhat prejudiced man in spite of his laughter. For jails are jails the world over, and this one was just then doing a thriving business and it may just have been a little difficult to give close personal attention to the needs, medical or otherwise, of every customer.

There had recently been a considerable debate about the danger of sending out one-man police patrols by night in certain parts of Atlanta. A young police officer has been shot dead by a runaway gunman. But some people argue that two-men patrols would cost the city more than it can afford to spend on police. God knows, these busy, overworked, underpaid police have my sympathy. This particular night, among other urban diversions, four taxi men have been robbed at gunpoint, two of them stripped naked, one of the two, a black man, made to run naked through a white district and told, as was Lot, not to look back.

I feel the full sense of guilt that, while all this holiday fun was going on, myself and my lady companion had had the inconsiderateness to be robbed, to complain of being robbed, to be thereupon charged with being drunk in a public place, and that thereby we distracted those decent, hard-worked rozzers from protecting the taxi men. One-man or two-men patrols? There was no scarcity of police the evening we were arrested. Here before me I have the names of the two officers involved, two Irish names I am interested to note. They were in such a hurry to get back to their proper business that not one question did they ever ask either of us about the stolen money.

Let me count the cost of an evening out for two on Thanksgiving Day in Atlanta, Ga.: as good as $100, plus billfold, robbed from the lady; $15 apiece for bail money when a college colleague comes to bail us out; sundry small sums donated to fellows met during seven hours or so in the cage, tank or stockade. I'm not trying to pose as Croesus, but once in a while you do meet people who are worse off than yourself. There were a few other small sums donated to a fellow prisoner who came to see me after his release: a timid dipsomaniac flying the tatters of old decency. Only recently in Georgia is it being pointed out that dipsomania is not best treated by brutal police roundups and periodic dryings-out in cage, tank or stock-

ade. Here is my last conversation with that poor man. My phone rang at about 4 A.M.:

The Voice: Can you help me, Irish Ben?
Myself: Where are you, Lefty?
Lefty: In this room, in this hotel. Can you ring this guy for me?
Myself: It's a bloody awful hour.
Lefty: He won't mind.
Myself: Can't you ring him yourself, or go to his place?
Lefty: Can't go out on the street, the cops'd pick me up and throw me in the tank again. You ring him, please. I told him about you. Ask him to help me.

This would seem to be the key phrase of the A.A. people. When I ring the man he speaks most civilly, even at that ungodly hour, thanks me, says he'll go over there right away and try to get Lefty back to his people in Tampa. I did not hear from Lefty again and can only assume hopefully that he was returned safely to Tampa. But I do not easily forget the terror in the poor alcoholic devil's voice when he said that he couldn't appear on the streets because the coppers would pick him up. Real friendly guys. An English woman who lives here told me that one morning when she was walking her little boy in a public park she saw the police, doing the routine roundup of bums. They used dogs, sending them under the bandstand to rout out some hapless wretches who had gone to earth there.

Lefty, the alcoholic, was for the moment my last contact with the tank, cage, stockade or jail house. Others, though, stay in my memory. There are two pleasant young men, as sober as judges, who were picked up leaving a downtown bar in a jovial mood, and charged with being drunk in a public place. When I marvel at this, they marvel at my Irish simplicity and try to explain to me the ancient but still much alive Protestant Prohibitionist attitude, not only toward fermented liquor but toward over-

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demonstrative enjoyment. The bars in this city, I have noticed, are mostly either sleazy dumps with raucous combos, or places of conspiratorial and unwelcoming gloom. These two young men did not seem to think it anything too wonderful to be robbed and then arrested for complaining about being robbed. They say: "You met the wrong guys: that hotel manager, those cops. You were unlucky." They have a point. They even think it funny, in a way. Again, they have a point. Any attempt to protest, through the bars of the cage, against the length or justice of the confinement, or even to inquire about the lady, was treated with the most sublime indifference. My young friends advised me not to pursue the point or I might have sore ribs and bruised kidneys for my pains.

There were two younger men, under 21, arrested for drinking canned beer in a parked automobile. They are in the army, old enough to kill or be killed in Vietnam, but not old enough to drink a can of watery beer. Their girl friends, or dates, two teen-agers, have also been arrested, although they were not even drinking beer. Then there were two quiet tough-looking men who sat side by side on the floor, backs to the wall, and talked to nobody and seldom to each other. Unlike my merry bandit they were telling nothing to nobody, as they say in Belfast; but they stayed in my memory. They have a sort of aura. And it isn't booze. One of them, when he overhears that I come from Dublin, stands up, shakes hand with me, sits down again, resumes his quietude. Those two cops with the Irish names had not shown me any such courtesy.

Then there was a prison guard or policeman, a pimply, pasty-faced fellow who, as I was on my way to the exit, overheard me using jocularly the fatal word: "white." Here is how I came to be so indiscreet. The summons docket with which I was served read thisaway: "Color—W., Sex—N. (the man meant, I hope, to write M). Age—48 (which is a year worse than the truth). So, when the elevator which was bearing me down toward freedom paused to admit Our Lady of the Pilfered Billfold, I said: "Step right this way. You are white, aren't you . . . ?"

That's as far as I got: Pimpled Pastyface was breathing sweet potato down my throat. He asks in the gracious accents of the Old South: "You shuah you sobah?" Politely and prudently, I defer to his judgment. But unmollified, he goes to the man at the desk, the one who signs you out, and says: "You shuah this guy sobah?" He suspects me, I feel and fear, of being Stokely Carmichael, whom I in no way resemble. He seems genuinely chagrined when I am allowed to depart in peace.

Georgia has so much to offer the tourist. Quote: For full information on vacation fun in Georgia for all the family, write: See Georgia First: 100 State Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia, 30303. Unquote.

But now, I am again a free man. So I go home and ring a lawyer. He says: "Do you want to go to court and fight it?"

So I say: "Not particularly. That hotel manager, for whom the police were so obliging, could quite easily produce half a dozen people to prove that I wrecked the dining room and had to be strait jacketed before the police could remove me."

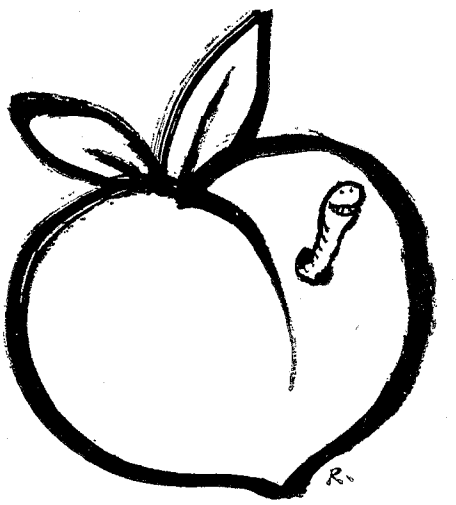
"Sure," he says. "Just sit on your hands. What's another thirty bucks?"

"But what amazes me," I say, "was that being a stranger, and a visitor, and not exactly a drifter, made no difference. Nobody heard me when I said that. Could be they just didn't dig my accent. But where I come from, strangers are sacrosanct. A stranger, and particularly an American stranger, would want to do something for real in Ireland before he'd end up in jail. And if he complained he had been robbed somebody would listen to him."

So the lawyer laughs as heartily as ever did my merry bandit. "You're sweet," he said, "but you're simple. You're also lucky you're in Atlanta. Outside Atlanta, in the state of Georgia, they beat your head in for being a stranger."

My first day of freedom, back I go to that hotel to reclaim my umbrella. With me go the lady and a student of mine who is also a theological student, and who has been in his time a forest ranger in the Great Smokies and in the Far West in Nevada and in Yosemite. The umbrella is safe. We identify ourselves and ask to see the manager. He joins us in the most neighborly fashion. We ask about the stolen money. He is very sorry. He is also very sorry about the police. He says he did not call them in, but is rather bewildered when the lady tells him that she saw him talking to the police before they arrested her. He is not at all convincing. I ask him if it is customary for the Atlanta police to traipse the foyers of the so-called best hotels and to paddy-wagon away customers who complain of being robbed. I say that, by the sacred name of O'Sullivan, it wouldn't happen in the Gresham. He agrees with me. He has heard of the Gresham. He says that if the money is found, he will notify us. (He has never notified us.) He seems unhappy. It is tragic for me that my first close personal contact with Atlantan policemen has left me thinking that they are a crowd of boorish and dishonest bums. After that, how could I trust even Sergeant Joe Friday? But I console myself with the words of Setanta when he was set upon on the green at Emain Macha: "It is on themselves the fault is. I came as a stranger and I did not get a stranger's welcome."

And a happy Thanksgiving, next time round, to all my readers.



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THE POOR AGAINST THEMSELVES

RICHARD A. CLOWARD and FRANCES FOX PIVEN
Mr. Cloward and Mrs. Piven are members of the faculty of the Columbia University School of Social Work.

The New York City Coordinating Committee of Welfare Groups, which mainly represents mothers and children, has just announced a major campaign to recruit poorly paid male workers and their families onto the relief rolls to obtain substantial wage supplements. If the campaign succeeds, it could spread to other cities, providing the basis for a political alliance between the working and nonworking poor. Such a coalition of poor people would be a defense against the mounting attacks on the welfare system —attacks spearheaded by better-paid segments of the working and middle class.

New York City's welfare system, the largest in the country, is in for a pummeling—the worst, we suspect, since its staff was purged of "leftists" in the late 1940s. Only this time its ranks may be purged of welfare recipients. Under the insistent prodding of the 175,000-member New York Teamsters Joint Council 16, legislatures at all levels of government have begun "full-scale investigations." The first to take up the scent was a New York State legislative committee, responding to intense upstate hostility toward the city's poor; now both the City Council and the federal government are tooling up. Significantly, the New York Congressmen who demanded the federal investigation were not satisfied to let HEW conduct it, considering its people to be "in-house" investigators. Therefore, the General Accounting Office, a staff agency for the Congress, has been instructed to supervise the investigation. The intervention of GAO foreshadows renewed interest by Congress in the "welfare problem"; last year that body passed some of the most punitive amendments since the public welfare system was established three decades ago. One amendment requires states to institute compulsory training and employment programs for mothers in the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program. Another (the implementation of which has been temporarily postponed) would "freeze" federal reimbursement to the states at the level of the number of AFDC children already on the rolls. Thus, as new families apply, the states will have to choose between rejecting them, accepting them and spreading existing funds among more people, or appropriating more local funds to carry the increase. As antagonism in America mounts toward the poor, especially the black poor, even more repressive measures can be expected.

Behind these probes is a growing political agitation for a "solution to the welfare problem." The white working class is especially angered by the rising rolls. To white workers, welfare is a "black problem"—arising from the softheadedness of liberals in dealing with the black poor, or the opportunism of politicians in dealing for the black vote. And so with the Teamsters delivering the first blow, a new battle is about to take place between the white working class and the black (and in New York, the Puerto Rican) poor.

The sources of the controversy are easy to see. Welfare rolls are escalating, especially the AFDC rolls. Taking all categories together, the rolls in New York City have almost trebled since 1960, are now rising by about 20,000 each month, and will reach 1 million by the first of the year. Considering the vast migrations of the poor from Puerto Rico and the southern United States, these figures are not surprising. Furthermore, tens of thousands of families who are eligible for assistance are not yet receiving it, so the rise can be expected to continue—that is, unless new restrictions result from the upcoming investigations.

Relatively speaking, the cost of public assistance in America is quite modest—far less than the subsidies to better-off groups. But if welfare accounts for a small percentage of federal outlays, it is often a very large percentage of local expenditures. Even though New York City pays only about 25 per cent of welfare expenses (50 per cent is reimbursed by the federal government, and another 25 per cent by the state), welfare will cost the city about one-third of a billion dollars this year. That seems an intolerable burden in a city already teetering at the edge of bankruptcy.

The working poor carry a disproportionate share of the tax burden, given the regressive character of our tax system (especially local sales and property taxes). A broader view of class inequities would lead the Teamsters to mount an attack on a tax structure which benefits the affluent and victimizes the working class; instead, they attack the welfare poor. For to white working-class people, and even to many black workers, it appears that the welfare recipient is enjoying a free ride on their hard-earned tax dollars, meanwhile scorning the value of work and the self-esteem of workers.

Nor is that the worst of it. The welfare recipient seems to be undermining the financial rewards of work as well. In several Northern states, among them New York, a worker earning the minimum wage who has a nonworking wife and one child takes home less money than is allotted to a comparable family on welfare. For larger families, the advantage of being on welfare is even greater. That this issue provokes intense feeling is clear. "It doesn't pay to work any more!" is the angry complaint. The value of work is being affronted, and that value is deeply ingrained. How else explain the persistence with which those who do the dirtiest work at the most exploitative wage levels apply their shoulders to the wheel? If the working poor are victimized by their pride, they are also embittered by their lot, and it is upon the nonworking underclass that they vent their anger.

Nothing offends working-class spokesmen quite so much as demands by organized welfare recipients for higher

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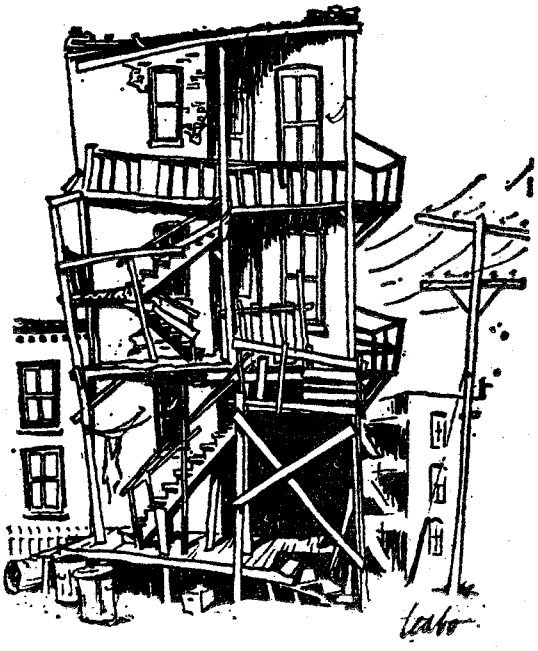
levels of benefits, or for full entitlements. Needless to say, they find even more infuriating efforts by client groups to enroll the hundreds of thousands of eligible poor who have not been receiving benefits (usually because they do not know of their entitlements or have been illegally rejected). Welfare supplicants are supposed to be meek and grateful; instead they are confronting their benefactors with aggressive demands. The angry protests of the workers today echo the outrage voiced by the defenders of private property when these same "ungrateful" workers began to organize. Just as those workers, being the victims of the propertied, no longer held property rights to be sacrosanct, so welfare recipients now question the inviolability of work values, for the bulk of them, being the very old or the very young, or mothers or disabled, either cannot or should not work. Each phase of the struggle by the poor for some measure of justice is also a struggle against the cathechisms which legitimate exploitation.

The welfare issue is contributing to the polarization of black and white in the cities, for the welfare rolls in the cities are disproportionately black. (Nationally, the AFDC rolls are half white.) But polarization is also partly the legacy of a long history in which blacks were used by employers to depress wages and retard unionization. The black scab is an old enemy—the central figure in a labor lore that goes back to a stevedores' strike in New York in 1855, to a miners' strike in Alabama in 1894, and to a factory strike in East St. Louis during World War I. The hatred lingers, for it is deeply imprinted. Other groups—Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans—have also been made to play the scab role, especially in efforts to break agricultural strikes, but none was used so regularly as the black. With the success of large-scale unionization, white workers had less to fear from strikebreaking. By excluding the blacks from union membership, they were able in many cases to exclude blacks from employment altogether. The New Deal even brought the blacks and whites of the cities together in a political coalition. A brief but uneasy peace followed.

Now the dislocation of blacks from agriculture has aroused the old antagonisms once more. The New Deal coalition, always tenuous, is fragmenting as blacks flood into the cities to threaten working-class residential areas, schools, services and jobs. Black and white are again being turned against one another in competition for scarce resources. And white workers are once again fixing blame on blacks, not on those above them. Once more, the black is cast as scab, not least in the emerging welfare controversy.

One working-class solution to welfare scabbing is to reaffirm the imperative of work—the slogan will be, "Put them to work!" Congress already sensed this rising sentiment a year ago when it enacted provisions requiring the states to train and assign mothers and children older than 16 to employment, unless there is "good cause." A few Congressmen opposed the measure, arguing properly that a society which has never provided full employment for men had no right to force work upon women and children, but the argument did not carry. In the wake of the debate, one satisfied Senator was heard to say, "We've solved the maid problem." And so perhaps they have, for compulsory work programs may succeed in removing large numbers of women and teen agers from the welfare rolls. Then perhaps Congress will contemplate extending the same remedy to the aged, to young children, and to the disabled.

But just how the lower stratum of the working class will benefit from these measures is difficult to see. At best, competition for low-paying jobs will intensify, and whatever leverage workers have in bargaining with employers will be undercut. For in many states, women and children will be discharged from the rolls to take any work at any wage and on any employer's terms. One can say this with certainty, since some of the states had one variation or another of "employable mother" rules long before the new federal requirement, and the experience with these rules



has been dismal indeed. Together with a multitude of kindred rules (like "man-in-the-house" and "substitute-parent" regulations), such provisions have always been used to maintain an exploitable labor supply.

To keep ahead of welfare-payment levels, the working class will probably also call for an increase in the minimum wage of $1.60. But it is by no means clear that the better-paid segments of organized labor are committed to raising minimums in more than principle, for they generally resist any diminution of differentials between them and lower-paid workers. There is also a great deal of evidence to suggest that lower-paid workers are hurt when minimum wage levels are raised. Labor intensive industries migrate to low-wage areas or accelerate efforts to automate, or go out of business altogether. The result is fewer jobs for marginal workers. All in all, the popular solutions to the so-called welfare problem will not benefit the working poor—except, that is, as workers derive satisfaction from punishing nonworkers.

Ironically, it is the *working* poor who may be the chief losers in the present controversy, especially if wel-

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fare payment levels are scaled down to a point below the minimum wage. For it is not generally understood that some states have a wage supplement program through which low-paid workers can claim hundreds of millions of dollars, even raising their incomes above the levels now received by nonworking welfare recipients. These supplements may be jeopardized if welfare programs are made more restrictive.

In New York State, supplements now bring the annual income of a worker earning the minimum wage ($3,120) to as high as $6,000, $7,000 or $8,000, depending on the number and ages of family members. For example, a minimum-wage worker with a wife and four children receiving a wage supplement grosses $6,264. Furthermore, his wage supplement of $3,144 is not subject to federal, state or local income taxes. To achieve the same after-tax income from wages, this worker would have to be raised from $1.60 to $3.50 per hour. Between 150,000 and 300,000 working families in New York City alone are entitled to wage supplements: a mere 12,000 now claim them.

How is it that hundreds of millions of dollars in available wage supplements continue to go unclaimed by thousands of working poor? The answer is that the payments are not called wage supplements but "home relief," and they are not distributed by the Labor Department but by the Welfare Department. Union leaders have traditionally resisted encouraging their members to apply for welfare wage supplements, believing this an admission of their failure to obtain higher wages through collective bargaining. Welfare departments cannot be relied upon to inform people about benefits; quite the contrary. Consequently, many workers simply do not know that these payments are available or how to calculate their eligibility. Some workers who do know shy away because of their traditional contempt for the dole and for those who subsist on it.

In truth, low-paid families which fail to claim wage supplements are being taken in by the "free enterprise" ideology of the private economy, although that ideology bears little relation to what has become the reality. Ours is a "subsidy enterprise" economy and the subsidies go to those who are enterprising in the use of their political influence. The low-paid alone seem not to realize this. Farmers receive wage supplements—we call them agricultural subsidies. The construction unions enjoy high incomes partly because of government subsidies to builders who are required to pay the "prevailing wage." Large numbers of middle-income people enjoy the benefits of a host of housing and transportation and tax subsidies. And these are merely a few of the items on a very long list of government giveaways, both direct and indirect, which support the standard of living of the more affluent in America. In a subsidy economy, the singular faith of the working poor in advancement through wages alone is pathetic, to say the least.

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The magnitude of supplemental income relinquished by the working poor is both staggering and sobering. In New York, wage supplements are determined by a simple calculation of the difference between what welfare calls the worker's "net income" and the scheduled welfare grant level. Net income is calculated by deducting a series of work-related expenses from gross earnings. For a typical male worker, these expenses over the course of a full year might be:

Carfare (40c. per day)	$104
Lunch ($1.15 per day)	299
Social Security (on minimum wage)	137
Union dues	40
Flat allowance of $20 per month (for other work-related expenses)	240
	$820

In addition, income taxes are deducted. For a worker, his wife and one child at the minimum wage, federal and state taxes would be $140, yielding a total wage-related deduction of $960, and a net income of $2,160. With two children, taxes would be $20, which yield a deduction of $840 and a net income of $2,280. Workers with three or more children pay no income taxes, so their total deduction is $820, and their net income is $2,300.

Column A in the chart shows the payments that nonworking welfare families receive. (In each family category, the smallest payment is made where the oldest child is under 6, and the largest payment where the oldest child is in college or equivalent institution.) Net incomes for working families earning the minimum wage are shown in Column B. The difference (Column A minus Column B) is the wage supplement to which the worker is entitled, as shown in Column C. The worker's new income (his earned income of $3,120 plus the wage supplement) is shown in Column D. Thus, a worker with five children, the oldest of whom is in college or vocational school, would receive $6,968 *even though he earns only $3,120*. As noted earlier, his wage supplement of $3,848 is not taxable. Furthermore we have assumed that all workers are paying a modest $100 monthly rental. Many pay more, especially those with large families, and the wage supplement calculated by welfare can be adjusted upward (or downward, if the rent is lower) to cover the actual cost of rent, within certain limits.

So far we have assumed that the worker earns only the minimum wage. Higher paid workers are also eligible for wage supplements, up to the maximum incomes shown in Column E. Families at the maximum are entitled to the wage supplements in the amounts shown in Column F, which are also nontaxable.

To calculate the wage supplement available to a worker whose earned income falls between the minimum wage and the maximums shown in Column E, one must first subtract $3,120 from the gross earned income; then sub-

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Wage Supplements Available in New York State

Worker and Housewife and	(A) Non-worker Welfare Budget (1) ($100 Rent) (2)	(B) Estimated "Net" Income" of a Worker Earning Minimum Wage ($3120 per year)	(C) Annual Wage Supplement To Minimum-Wage Worker	(D) Annual Total Income (Minimum Wage and Wage Supplement)	(E) Maximum Earned Income for Those Eligible for Wage Supplement	(F) Annual Wage Supplement To Maximum-Wage Worker
1 child						
--Under 6 years	3204	2160	1044	4164	3804	360
In College (3)	3564	2160	1404	4524	4164	360
2 Children						
-- Older Child Under 6 Years	3616	2280	1336	4456	3996	460
-- Older Child In College	4264	2280	1984	5104	4644	460
3 Children						
-- Oldest Child Under 6 Years	4052	2300	1752	4872	4312	560
-- Oldest Child In College	4916	2300	2616	5736	5176	560
4 Children						
-- Oldest Child Under 6 Years	4340	2300	2140	5260	4500	660
-- Oldest Child In College	5444	2300	3144	6264	5604	660
5 Children						
-- Oldest Child Under 6 Years	4900	2300	2600	5720	4960	760
-- Oldest Child In College	6148	2300	3848	6968	6208	760

Note (1): The "flat grant" of $100 per person per year for replacement of heavy clothing and household furnishings has been included in estimating payment levels, but excluded from calculations of eligibility in accord with welfare regulations.
Note (2): All calculations assume a monthly rent of $100; if the actual rent is higher or lower, all columns except (F) would be adjusted by the difference, within limits prescribed by welfare regulations.
Note (3): Or in any legitimate institution of learning or vocational training beyond high school

tract the remainder from the appropriate figure in Column C (determined by the number and ages of children). The difference is the wage supplement, assuming a rental of $100 per month.*

* There is one deterrent in establishing eligibility for wage supplements—the family must first divest itself of most assets. But low-paid families are not likely to have many assets, and these substantial wage supplements would quickly compensate them for the loss.

The assets which must be disposed of are these. If the worker has any equity in a private pension plan, he must borrow half and live on the proceeds at a rate equivalent to the scheduled levels in the above chart. At the scheduled levels, workers would use up their equity in a month or two, especially if they pay high rents. The remaining equity must then be assigned to the welfare department. Similarly, workers may not carry life insurance on themselves or any member of their family in excess of $500 face value per person. Equity beyond this amount must be assigned.

If the worker owns a home—as few low-paid workers in New York City do—it must be assigned. However, the family may continue to live in the house, and the mortgage and taxes will be paid in lieu of rent by the welfare department. If and when the house is finally sold, the department will claim the proceeds. Finally a family is not ordinarily allowed to own an automobile unless it is needed for work. However, experience shows that the enforcement of this rule is extremely discretionary.

For all of this, welfare departments are very much political animals. They possess considerable discretion in interpreting and enforcing various rules, and they would not be uninfluenced by pressure from unions representing workers. It might also be said that many of these rules about assets are of doubtful constitutionality: some of them are already being challenged by attorneys associated with the National Welfare Rights Movement, a struggle union attorneys could also take up.

As for the frequent charge that welfare destroys the incentive to work, it can readily be seen that those who work are better off. How much better can be calculated by comparing Column A (what nonworking welfare families receive) with Column D (the worker earning at the minimum wage with a wage supplement). The difference is equivalent to the work-related deductions described earlier. Furthermore, workers who claim wage supplements also become eligible for Medicaid, a considerable benefit in itself.

Some mention should be made of recent proposals by the Teamsters that children's allowances be made part of a new contract for employees of the New York City Housing Authority. At $5 per week, the annual allowance would be $260 per child—or about one-quarter to one-third of the wage supplement for the same worker earning the minimum wage. The children's allowance is taxable. More important, wage supplements can be obtained by all of the working poor, not just by those who belong to unions.

Even if in time the unions were to win these rather meager children's allowances for their members, the main consequences would merely be to enlarge the long-standing differences between the incomes of unorganized and organized workers. By contrast, wage supplements would benefit all low-paid workers now.

The Teamsters and other unions could help the working

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poor to obtain these extraordinary supplements, perhaps by distributing brochures throughout the city explaining why workers are entitled to these benefits in a subsidy economy and how to claim them. The unions are not likely to do this, hemmed in as they are by old prejudices, and by a rank-and-file version of an obsolete entrepreneurial ethic. But were low-paid workers to coalesce with non-workers in a fight for decent welfare payment levels and improved supplementary wage policies, all could gain. The political and economic stakes are high for all low-income families. New York might become the major national testing ground for major income reform. It is more likely, however, that the pending investigations of welfare in New York will become just another series of events in the lengthening chronicle of the American poor against themselves.

THE MOTHERS SAID NO

NICOLAUS C. MILLS
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Ann Arbor

In the academic year of 1967-68 AFDC school children in Michigan's Washtenaw County will receive more than $90,000 in supplemental clothing funds. The agreement, reached after a week of demonstrations that threatened to turn Ann Arbor into a mini-Chicago, is one that should have consequences for welfare rights organizations throughout Michigan and the United States. For it demonstrates not only how important it is that mothers receiving payments for their dependent children should take their complaints beyond the welfare office, but that in communities like Washtenaw County, which do not have the financial burdens of a Detroit or a New York, there is money available to supplement inadequacies in AFDC schedules.

The protests began in Ann Arbor on September 3, when a group of welfare mothers, led by Mrs. Shirley Haywood of Ypsilanti and Mrs. Gloria Fuller of Ann Arbor, refused to accept the assertion of Alfred Brose, director of the County Social Services Department, that his office did not have the authority or the funds to meet their clothing demands. Their sit-in drew a response from Robert Harrison, chairman of the Washtenaw County Board of Supervisors, which appoints two of the three members of the County Social Services Board, the body that officially controls the administration of AFDC and county welfare funds.

Following an emergency meeting on Tuesday and a regular meeting on Wednesday, the Ways and Means Committee of the Board of Supervisors proposed to distribute $40 per child to those qualified to receive clothing funds. Their offer was rejected by the mothers, whose original demand was not for a "flat grant" but for a clothing supplement based on a "basic maintenance need" system that treated the children on an individual basis. On Thursday the supervisors raised their offer to $60, and again the mothers said no.

They were then joined by students and faculty from the University of Michigan, and from this point on they were assured of wide press coverage and the attention of the whole community (the Ann Arbor *News* stubbornly carried the continuing welfare story in its middle pages, although in cities as distant as Cleveland it received front-page headlines). On Thursday, fifty-two people were arrested for sitting in at the Washtenaw County Building, and the rough handling of the demonstrators by the sheriff's department further dramatized the gulf between county officials and the mothers. As Mrs. Haywood said: "We are resolved to carry this issue to its conclusion. This is for our children and their dignity and their future. Stalling and intimidation will not make us or the problem go away." By Friday the presence of police dogs, helicopters and deputies armed with AR-15 rifles had escalated the scene in Ann Arbor to that of Chicago during the Democratic convention. Before the day was over, 182 more arrests had been made.

It was, however, the county and not the mothers which now felt the need to make concessions. Mass arrests of students might be tolerable, but pictures of mothers being dragged to jail while weeping children look on were too much. At this point, no state or county official was prepared to say that AFDC in Michigan is adequate (it is based on the costs of living for 1960-61), nor was the idea that the mothers should get money for their children's clothing anywhere disputed. The questions were how much money and where was it to come from? While demonstrations and rallies continued over the weekend, AFDC mothers and city and county officials met on Sunday at a special meeting arranged by Ann Arbor Mayor Wendell Hulcher. On Monday the mothers and the Board of Supervisors agreed to terms laid down by a fact-finding committee headed by Dean F. F. Fauri of the University of Michigan School of Social Work. According to the agreement, each of the 1,500 AFDC school children in Washtenaw County would be eligible to receive as much as $70 in clothing vouchers. For this purpose $50,000 would be allocated by the county, $4,600 by the Social Services Board, and the remaining $36,400 by the state. In addition, if any of the $91,000 remained, it would be allocated to families with a clothing need of more than $70 per child.

The decision, reached after a court order was issued to prohibit "loitering" in and around the County Building, seemed to settle matters; but the agreement was in effect for only a week when the County Board of Supervisors voted to withhold the $50,000 it had promised on the ground that the Social Services Board (which administers AFDC through state and federal funds) had enough money to meet the mothers' request. Their decision, although contradicting their previous position, was sound. This year, as in the past, the Social Services Board is expected not to spend approximately $200,000 of its funds. No one has denied the figure, and the director of social services for Washtenaw County now finds himself able to provide what at the start of the protests he said he

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had neither the money nor the authority to give—a clothing allowance for AFDC children.

Why should it have taken more than two weeks for the budgetary information to be released? Why in the middle of negotiations should it have been discovered that there are 1,300 rather than 1,200 children on AFDC in Washtenaw County? The questions have not yet been answered, but the AFDC mothers have made one point clear: they can begin to get their rights only by organizing themselves and putting outside pressure on the welfare system. Two weeks after the protests began, the Welfare Rights Group of Washtenaw County doubled its membership, and because one of the conditions insisted upon was that AFDC recipients come in and fill out their clothing forms, it has been possible to bring together mothers who might otherwise have never met. In Washtenaw County the fact that mothers are becoming a force in their own right has immediate political consequences. One member of the Social Services Board is retiring next year, and it is hoped that a welfare mother will be appointed to that seat; and in the future, all county supervisors in Michigan will be elected, thereby giving mothers a chance for representation on a board that has traditionally been unsympathetic to their needs.

Moreover, the struggle between the AFDC mothers and Washtenaw County is relevant not only to Michigan but to any number of well-to-do communities in which welfare payments are needlessly low. For it suggests that in these areas welfare rights groups can best build their organizations by getting the system to work. Having done that, they may consider the long-range strategy (first suggested by Richard A. Cloward and Frances Fox Piven in "The Weapon of Poverty," *The Nation*, May 8, 1967) of breaking the welfare system and thereby forcing the federal government to initiate a program of family allowances or guaranteed income.

SMOTHERS BROTHERS

TOM, DICK AND THE CENSORS

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

Tommy Smothers said, "Mailer has it right. This country is like a drunk on a skateboard going down a toboggan run slipping on his own vomit."

DICK SMOTHERS: America is close to what Germany was before the war. Germany was ready for Hitler.

The reporter was curious and, as he thought about it afterward, perhaps a little patronizing. Put it down to the generation gap, experience and the accumulated barnacles of cynicism.

They had made it big before the deadly age of 30; they were famous and the money was rolling in. Why borrow trouble? Yet every other week they were skirmishing with C.B.S. censors at Los Angeles' Television City over the needle-sharp social satire that occasionally distinguishes the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* from any other program on television. (*On gun control*: "Let's preserve our freedom to kill." *On censorship*: "We are not against censorship because we realize there is always the danger of something being said.")

TOM: We didn't want to be liberals off the program and not on the program. We felt we should be consistent.

DICK: At first it was a selfish view. We wanted creative freedom. We thought the show was inane. We wanted it to have some reason for existence. We grew with the show, *And as an afterthought*: I suppose if father had lived, we could have gone to West Point and would have believed in the war in Vietnam.

Their father, a Southerner, was Maj. Thomas Bowen Smothers, Jr., a West Point graduate, who had been captured by the Japanese, and died in 1945 as a result of that ordeal. The brothers were born in New York City and reared in Redondo Beach, Calif. They went placidly through most of the placid Eisenhower years and took degrees in retail merchandising and advertising at San Jose State College.

Both trace the beginning of their awareness of "the way things are" to the U-2 incident. They were shocked by the official lies. "We had been taught that everything this country did was right," Tom said. "Then we began to discover the truth."

The murder of the three young civil rights workers in Mississippi had a strong effect on the brothers. The war in Vietnam, riots in the ghettos, and the assassination of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King reinforced their belief that society "has to be overhauled. There are too many contradictions."

DICK: The kids want our politicians to tell the truth. Why would young middle-class whites support Eldridge Cleaver? They believe he tells it like it is.

TOM: Gene McCarthy laid it out the way it is. That is why he had such an appeal.

DICK: After the Democratic convention we gave a concert in Columbus, Ohio. There were 32,000 people there. We decided to test the crowd with a little put-on. We said we thought what Daley and the police did was O.K. The crowd booed. And Ohio is about as American as you can get. Right?

In their bouts with the censor, Tom and Dick Smothers win a few and lose a few. One they lost recently was a segment during which Harry Belafonte sang, *Don't Stop the Carnival* in front of a news film showing Chicago police loading demonstrators into a paddy wagon during the convention.

Last season, the appearance on their program of Pete Seeger, the blacklisted folk singer, brought yips of outrage. They succeeded in getting him on, but the censor

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snipped the sixth stanza from Seeger's popular ballad, *Waist Deep in the Big Muddy*.

The scissored lines went:

> *Now every time I read the papers*
> *That old feelin' comes on*
> *We're waist deep in the Big Muddy*
> *And the big fool says to push on.*

The Smothers brothers "are talented comedians, but inept social commentators," said one Ohio editorial writer, who proceeded at great length to reveal how he had been ineptly but deeply wounded by them. His conclusion: "Let's smother the Smothers brothers." A syndicated columnist, less outraged and more amused, commented: "Nixon promises he'll end the war. Sure, but what does he plan to do about the Smothers brothers?"

Can sharp social satire—in contrast to the pleasantly innocuous Bob Hope or Red Skelton brand of neutral political humor—be injected successfully in an entertainment program?

DICK: Our show is entertainment, but it has to have social comment. It can't be created in a vacuum. In the fifties, for example, nothing was happening. Now everything is happening.

TOM: Social satire has to be done within the bounds of art. If it isn't, it won't work. It is self-defeating. All the best art comes out of society itself. Now is the time of change, and it is reflected in art.

The Smothers brothers aim their comedy at the 25-and-under age group, but the high ratings of their show (consistently in the top twenty and frequently in the top ten) indicate they are bridging the generation gap in their audience. "Just think," Tom said. "If they change the law, kids now 14 will be voting four years from now." He relished the idea and chuckled. "And they won't stand for double talk."

"This has been a tough year for satire," he added. "Two assassinations, riots and the elections. Not long before he was killed, Robert Kennedy asked me, 'How do you get away with that stuff on Johnson?' "

They proceed blithely on the basis that it is still a free country and will remain so, and they guard against the most effective form of suppression: self-censorship. They are the supremely unalienated supporters of the alienated. This quixotic combination of appealing traits may account for their wide popularity.

"It's exhilarating to live now," Tom said. "We're going through a revolution, not in the classic sense but a revolution of ideas—artistic, moral and political. The people are hungry for the truth."

Not a bad supposition. It may be true.

HARRY GOLDEN

The folks in Beaufort, S.C., don't think much of Dr. Donald Gatch; the doctors in Beaufort think even less. The weekly *Beaufort Gazette* said the 38-year-old doctor, who came originally from Nebraska, was "running off his mouth too much."

What got the folks down on him was that Gatch went to Columbia, S.C., to testify before the Citizens Board of Inquiry (representing the Washington-based Citizens Crusade Against Poverty). Dr. Gatch told the board that the Negro infant mortality rate in and around Beaufort was ten times that of the white infant mortality rate. Malnutrition and hunger were the rule, not the exception, and almost all the colored children were infected with tapeworm. "Two hundred of these worms in your belly," explained the doctor, "eat a lot of food. Tapeworms live twenty to forty years and in Beaufort they are outliving the people."

Negroes in Beaufort are at the bottom of the economic ladder; worse than the bottom, they are in a hole. They live in tar-paper shacks, insulated with cardboard boxes or the weekly paper. Usually there is no running water. Often there is not even an outside privy. That is what Dr. Gatch meant when he testified that "environmental factors often contribute to malnutrition."

After Dr. Gatch had said his piece, all his white patients found another doctor. Garland Mills, a textile plant, refused to rehire him as its physician. His office rent jumped from $100 a month to $200. Shoppers snarled insults at his wife in the supermarket.

The white doctors in the area indignantly complain that Dr. Gatch had no right to suggest that they might have been negligent. There was no reason, they go on, why he couldn't have consulted with them before testifying. That's the way to do things in the polite South.

Dr. Gatch did what they hoped: he closed up his office, sold his house, and left town. What else did he expect after calling such unfavorable publicity down upon the county?

Gatch says philosophically: "I think this is a rather typical response of the Establishment when they feel themselves threatened." The threat of a conscientious doctor agitating for sanitary privies and pure drinking water is indeed menacing. No one takes these for granted down he-ah—at least not if you're colored you don't.

Concludes Dr. Gatch, "I came from Nebraska where we have better pig pens than these people have homes." He thinks folks around Beaufort would feel they were coddling the Negroes if they allowed them first-rate sties.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Blacks and Students: Critics of Society

T. B. BOTTOMORE
Mr. Bottomore, formerly of Simon Fraser University is now at present at the University of Sussex. He is the author of Classes in Modern Society *and* Critics of Society (*Pantheon*). *In slightly different form, the essay which follows will appear as the new introduction to reissues of* Critics of Society *to be published in England by Allen and Unwin, and in the United States by Pantheon.*

In the last two and a half years, the North American social movements, and the criticism of society which they express, have grown more powerful and have taken new directions. Over the same period movements of protest and criticism which seem to arise from similar conditions have made their appearance in Europe. This essay will attempt to look at these recent developments, to compare the European movements, especially the student movement, with their American counterparts, and to add some reflections upon the prospects for radical social thought on both sides of the Atlantic.*

The Negro revolt has had a much greater impact since 1965, and its aims have come to be expressed in a new way through the doctrine of Black Power. The meaning of Black Power is still vague and ambiguous, open to diverse interpretations, as is shown by several recent expositions and criticisms. (The most interesting discussions will be found in Harold Cruse, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual;* Floyd B. Barbour (editor), *The Black Power Revolt* and Stokeley Carmichael and Charles V. Hamilton, *Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America.*) For some, both participants and observers, it expresses chiefly a growing militancy and a possible repudiation of the nonviolent tactics adopted by Dr. Martin Luther King and other civil rights leaders. For others, it implies the ultimate aim of separatism. For others again, it represents the beginnings of a more complex social doctrine, in which at least three major themes can be distinguished: first, the claim that in those areas where Negroes form a majority of the population they should control the local administration, especially in matters concerning the police, education and housing, and that in other areas they should be properly represented; second, an assertion of the need to develop Negro business and to end exploitation by white businessmen in Negro areas; third, a concern with the formation of a Negro intellectual class which would be capable of elaborating and diffusing a distinctive culture.

All these interpretations begin from the fact of a growing Negro self-awareness and self-confidence; the emergence of an ethnic group which can look back with pride to its origins in Africa and recognize its kinship with black people everywhere, and at the same time assert the value of its Afro-American history and culture. In this sense the Black Power movement is inescapably nationalist, and potentially separatist; and it stands, necessarily, in an ambiguous relationship with American radicalism. Much of Harold Cruse's book is concerned with the historical opposition between the two tendencies in Negro social thought, the acceptance of white radicalism and the espousal of nationalism, and with the implications of these two lines of thought. He quotes from the greatest of Negro social critics, W. E. B. Du Bois, who observed that: "There faces the American Negro therefore an intricate and subtle problem of combining into one object two difficult sets of facts"; these "sets of facts" being on one side integrationism (that is, civil rights, racial equality), and on the other side nationalism (that is, group solidarity, self-segregation, separatism).

Cruse does not see in the present Black Power movement a resolution of this problem, but only a continuation of the previous confusion of thought: "Black Power slogans reveal the depth of unpreparedness and the lack of knowledge that go along with the eagerness of the new black generation of spokesmen. The further the Negro gets from his historical antecedents in time, the more tenuous become his conceptual ties, the emptier his social conceptions, the more superficial his visions." And in the same context he writes that the American Negro has still to produce any significant social theorists "to back up his . . . activist leaders, charismatic deliverers, black redemptionists, and moral suasionists."

Yet this does not do full justice to the Black Power movement, in which there are germinating ideas not entirely alien to those which Cruse himself expounds, concerning the need to awaken the Negro community to a sense of its place as a separate but equal group in the "nation of nations," which is the United States. These ideas are plainly nationalist, not radical. They envisage a movement of national liberation rather than an upheaval in the American social structure. One might argue indeed that they take for granted a traditional view of American society as a congeries of ethnic groups, each of which conforms to the American way of life, while interpreting it in its own cultural terms.

What the Black Power movement, and Cruse, oppose is the assimilation of Negroes as individuals, and the direct subservience to white values which that implies. On the assimilation, or integration, of Negroes as an ethnic group, received on equal terms, they have little that is radical to say. The Negro businessman in his own community would still, it seems, be an American businessman; the Negro politician an American politician. Cruse, although he condemns the "arid, materialistic and anti-cultural way of American life," only hints at the possibility of an alternative form of society. In the symposium edited by Floyd B. Barbour only one contributor questions in any serious way the economic structure of American society, and there is little indication, throughout the volume, that Negro thinkers and leaders are yet concerned with any fundamental social changes except in the position of Negroes in the present structure.

It may be reasonable to argue, as does Cruse, that American Negroes must first of all establish their aims as an ethnic group before they can take part on equal terms in a broader radical movement; but in the immediate future the consequences of Black Power doctrines seem likely to be a growing division between the Negro movement and white radicalism, along the lines which became apparent at the

* I shall not discuss here the student movements in Eastern Europe. They differ in important ways from those in the Western capitalist countries. It was made clear to me, for example, in discussions with Yugoslav students that they saw their own movement as being concerned primarily with the needs of workers and with the advancement of the system of workers' self-management. In Czechoslovakia too, the student movement has been closely associated with a more general movement of workers and intellectuals in a concerted attack upon economic, political and cultural obstacles to Socialist development, and which has provided, since the Russian invasion of their country, a strong basis for a courageous popular resistance. This deserves a separate study, which would lead far beyond my present subject.

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Conference for New Politics in 1967. There is another sense, however, in which Black Power is bound to have a radical influence, no matter how nationalistic the doctrines which it formulates. As a large-scale protest movement which challenges the present political leadership and some of the present trends in American society, and as the bearer of an egalitarian creed within a particular sphere, it is clearly aligned with other radical groups and provides in certain respects an example for them.

Indeed it has already influenced a part of the student movement, which claims a deep affinity with the Negro revolt, and has adopted for the representation of its own aims the slogan of Student Power. This may appear to be a misguided borrowing of doctrine, for students as a group have lived through no historical experience of slavery, oppression or discrimination, and as individuals they do not occupy lifelong positions of social inferiority and economic want which black Americans have to suffer. There is a sense, however, in which Student Power may express, though imperfectly, reasonable objectives of the student movement. One of these objectives is the intellectual freedom and independence of the university in relation to the surrounding society. Another is the participation of students in forming the general educational policies of their universities. These are important aspects of the American student movement.

In Germany and France, and in other European countries, students have not had to confront the same problems, because universities in these countries have not been governed in the main by absentee owners drawn largely from the business world. But there have been other forms of external control, by government officials for example, and in many universities the system of internal government has been profoundly autocratic or bureaucratic. It is partly as a result of these conditions that European students have become involved in campaigns which resemble those conducted by American students for greater participation in university policy making, for a limitation of the powers of the administration, and for the introduction of more flexible and less impersonal methods of teaching and examination.

Above all, however, it is the conjunction between issues on the campus and larger political issues affecting the whole society that accounts for the vigor of the radical student movement and, at the same time, poses a question about the nature of the students' role in contemporary politics. We should take note, first, of the great differences which exist between the social environment of the American student movement and that in the European countries. Since the late 1950s, students in the United States have been the leaders of the new radicalism, because there was no other viable radical movement. Even today the other principal source of radicalism, the Negro movement, is limited in a variety of ways which I have already discussed. Students took a leading part in the creation of a militant civil rights movement, and they have formed the core of the opposition to the Vietnamese War.

Among the other elements which enhance their political significance is the fact that their own government is conducting the war in Vietnam and pursuing counterrevolutionary policies in Latin America, and that students have to confront directly the issue of the war in deciding their attitude toward the draft. It is now obvious, particularly from the early successes of Sen. Eugene McCarthy's election campaign, that the student movement has succeeded, though not entirely alone, in arousing a much more widespread opposition to the war, and that it has created a climate of opinion in which the growth of a more comprehensive radical movement may be possible.

These conditions do not exist in Europe, where labor and Socialist organizations of various kinds form an established radical opposition, and where opposition to the Vietnamese War can only influence indirectly, if at all, the policies of the American Government, and so evokes a less vigorous response. Nevertheless, it may still be argued that the American experience is relevant to Western Europe to the extent that the traditional radical forces are declining as prosperity spreads more widely, and that there is emerging in some European countries a form of consensus politics (most fully developed in West Germany as a result of the coalition between the CDU and the SPD) which allows the growth of an extra-parliamentary opposition in which students have a leading role. C. Wright Mills was one of the first to examine closely, in the light of American experience, the possible consequences of this "embourgeoisement" of the working class; to criticize and reject what he called the "labor metaphysic," that is, the doctrine accepted in one fashion or another by the whole modern Socialist movement that the industrial working class is, and must be, the prime mover in any radical social change; and to argue that in the conditions of the mid-20th century the young intellectuals, and especially the students, would be the most likely source of a new radicalism.

Mills's ideas have received some confirmation from the development of the American student movement, which they also helped to inspire, but they are more questionable when applied to European societies. The fact that they are not irrelevant, however, is shown by the influence which similar ideas, expounded more recently by Herbert Marcuse, have had among the radical students, most notably in Germany, but also in France during the revolt of May, 1968. In *One Dimensional Man* Marcuse sets forth an elaborate criticism of modern industrial society, in both its capitalist and its Socialist forms, which weaves together many familiar themes: the worker's lack of control over his conditions of work in large corporations; the indoctrination by the mass media which regulates and circumscribes men's private lives; the pervasiveness of violence and repression. The distinguishing mark of the book, however, is its profound pessimism. The proletariat in the capitalist countries is no longer revolutionary; increasing prosperity has brought about its integration into the existing order. There remains, therefore, no real force in society which strives to create a freer and more rational kind of society. Yet Marcuse, like Mills, does not abandon hope entirely; he sees a faint promise in the intellectuals, and his hopefulness has increased with the development of the student movement.

In a recent volume of essays (*Psychoanalyse und Politik*) he formulates his hopes more plainly. The student movement, he says, is not itself a revolutionary force in any country, but it may become a revolutionary force in association with other underprivileged or marginal groups in society. In the United States these other groups include particularly the Negroes, but also other ethnic minorities, migrant workers, hippies, and the morally disenchanted members of the middle class. In Europe, where Marcuse acknowledges that a part at least of the labor movement may still be a radical force, the student movement is most likely to bring about revolutionary changes if it can associate itself with working-class organizations.

But whatever allies the intellectuals, including the students, may need they are still represented by Marcuse as being the pre-eminent radical force, and it is this conception of the process of social change in advanced industrial societies, as well as the ground upon which Marcuse's own criticism of society stands, which need to be critically examined. Up to a point I agree with Marcuse about the increasing importance of intellectuals as the source of a cultural criticism of modern capitalism. What I find unacceptable in Marcuse's thought, and in the conceptions held by some active participants in the student movement, is the supposition that intellectuals are in a

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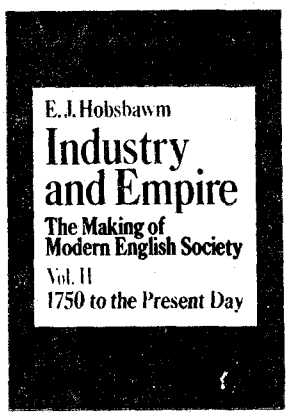

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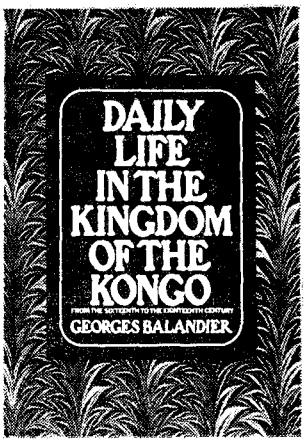

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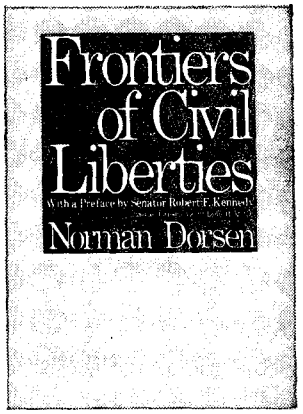

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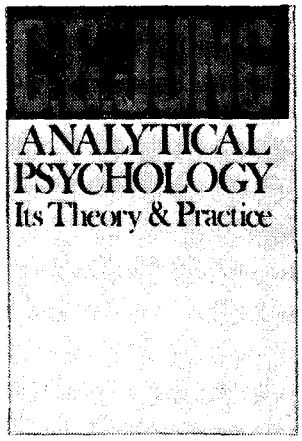

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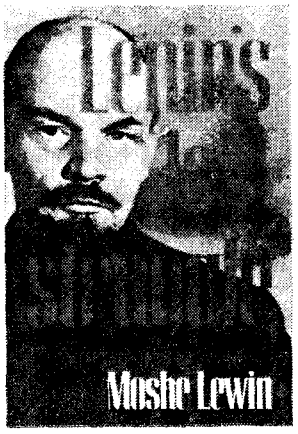

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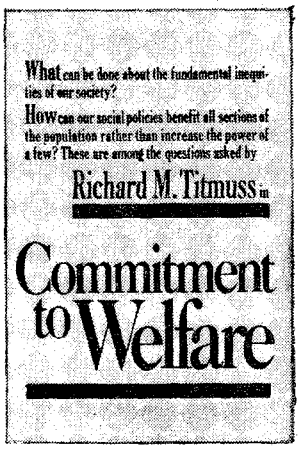
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position to tell the rest of society in an authoritative manner what is good for it; that they, and they alone, represent reason in social life.

This outlook recalls, and in the context of a Hegelian philosophy actually renews, the thought of an earlier period, that of the Young Hegelians who saw themselves as "critical thinkers" confronting the "mass" which they were destined to lead toward a more rational form of society. The new "critical criticism," like that of the 1840s, misconstrues the relation between radical thought and radical social movements, but for different reasons. The Young Hegelians, according to Marx's indictment, overlooked the need for a "material force" in society to bring about social change, and they ignored the emergence of a new class, the proletariat, which might provide that force. The Hegelian critics of society in the 1960s seem to have concluded that a material force is no longer available, and will not be available, because the proletariat has been absorbed into existing society; so that radical thought by itself must suffice for the transformation of society.

This is qualified in some degree by a recognition that there are still material forces which may play a part; for example, ethnic groups and revolutionary movements in the Third World. But within the industrial societies themselves, radical thought is pre-eminent; hence the importance attached to the student movement. Yet it remains as unlikely now as in the past that ideas alone can change society. The great special transformations have generally occurred when a radical criticism of society has evoked a response from large social groups which are engaged in practical struggles to alter their conditions of life, and find in the new doctrines both an explanation of their troubles and a guide to effective political action. If the working class is now finally appeased and has entirely ceased to be radical, then we must accept the "end of radicalism" in the industrial countries. For my part I do not believe that this is the case, and I have outlined in *Classes in Modern Society* my reasons for thinking that class inequalities will continue to engender movements for radical social change.

There is another aspect of the student movement, however, which helps to account for the degree of importance which it has acquired, beyond its immediate impact in the United States; namely, that it achieves, on a limited scale, that association between radical thought and social action which is needed in order to bring about change. The student movement is not solely an embodiment of intellectual criticism; it is also a social movement which seeks to produce radical changes in the structure of the university and, more generally, because of the involvement of the university with other major institutions, changes in the whole social structure. The events of the past year, and especially those of May, 1968, demonstrate that student movements in many countries, often in association with faculty, have been successful in altering, or at the least in enforcing, a reconsideration of university government and administration.

But what can be said about the wider implications of student action? Can university reforms provide a model for other institutions? Will the student movement have any profound effect upon society as a whole? It is too early to answer these questions with any assurance, notwithstanding the voluminous documentation which has appeared in the past few months.*

In Germany and in France the limits of student action have become more apparent in recent months. Students are a small minority in society, and although they can initiate a radical movement, they are not able to continue it alone or to lead it. In France, the movement became a serious challenge to the Gaullist regime only at the stage when the trade unions gave it their qualified support and took advantage of the situation to press their own economic demands. It was doubtful from the beginning whether a general political movement for a change of regime would develop, but had it done so the leadership would certainly have passed into the hands of working-class organizations. In Germany, the student movement has not yet established any close links with the trade unions, most of which remain indifferent or hostile, and on any realistic assessment it constitutes a lesser challenge to the present regime than does the revival of right-wing politics in the NPD.

The American student movement seems exceptional in the influence which it has had, but even in this case it should be noted that it is mainly on the single issue of the war in Vietnam, which troubles large numbers of Americans who are not radicals at all, that the students have been able to arouse a nation-wide opposition, whereas they are still very far from having gained mass support for

* See, for example, on Germany, Friedrich Mayer and Ulrich Spinnarke, *Was wollen die Studenten?* (Fischer, 1967); on France, *Le Canard de Mai* (Le Canard Enchaîné, 1968), and Edgar Morin, Claude Lefort, Jean-Marc Coudray, *Mai, 1968; La Brèche* (Fayard, 1968); on Italy, *Documenti della rivolta universitaria* (Laterza, 1968).

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1963

Drugged, we sit on air beyond rooms of belonging.
Roosts, nests of us, freeze.
Torn stripes hang, windless, from clotheslines.
Behind shutters, on kitchen chairs,
we crackle wrappers between numb fingers.
Almost all the leaves have fallen.

Almost all the leaves had fallen on the lawns
when I lost my self in the vault of the event.
Even he was lost in the cathedral;
he forgot breakfast, forgot the telephone,
he forgot his stiff spine all over again.
The cathedral was larger than his absence.

All of us left the beds of our dying that day;
all felt blood on our tongues at the railing.
It was the body of the land he became,
its dust, the host we swallowed.
Cannon continued to boom.
Candles fell into formation.

I have dressed my lips in black.
The soldiers of my fingers march
in black uniforms with the cortege
behind the packed box, under the river of the sky.
Pockets empty, on kitchen chairs,
we listen to the drums.

CAROLYN STOLOFF

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any radical reconstruction of American society.

The most evident weakness of the student movement is its lack of a clearly articulated theory. During the revolt of the French students the most varied doctrines, mainly of a traditional kind, coexisted without much effort being made to resolve the differences among them; and many students seem to have regarded the events in a nonpolitical way, as a "happening" rather than a revolution. Student leaders often say, as they said repeatedly in France, that they are not concerned to draw up plans for a new society but only to eradicate the authoritarian and repressive features of the present society. Thereafter we will see what happens. This faith in spontaneity is engaging, and may be culturally creative, but it seems hardly adequate to meet the problems of a complex industrial society.

In any case, many student spokesmen do intimate the kind of society they would like to create by using such terms as "participatory democracy." The trouble is that their broad social aims are not well defined or set out in convincing detail. They are expressed most clearly in relation to the university itself, the milieu with which students are most familiar, and in which the conditions for participation and self-government are especially favorable because of the nature of the university community. Where the wider society is concerned many of the ideas formulated in the student movement are familiar and derive from a long tradition of Socialist thought; egalitarianism, community, voluntary cooperation instead of coercive government. But they have not been elaborated in a practical form, nor are they tested against the actual experience of new types of social organization such as the Yugoslav workers' councils.

Other ideas, for example the criticisms of industry and technology, and of the consumer society, suggest a new direction, although recalling earlier romantic movements against industrial capitalism; but here too the ideas are not given a practical embodiment except in the case of the hippies, whose way of life after all presupposes the existence of an industrial civilization.

Students, like other intellectual critics, inhabit a world of ideological confusion, and they are no more blameworthy than others for the failure to produce a social theory which would direct men's efforts consistently toward a more desirable form of social life. But they are wrong to make a virtue out of this failure, and to talk idly about revolutionary action as though it could be relied upon to produce spontaneously a more just society, when the experience of this century shows that a revolution, whatever the slogans with which it is made, may easily end in a totalitarian society. Students ought to be reflecting deeply, and in a more practical way, upon the new structures which will be needed in order to humanize industrial society, to diffuse power and responsibility, and to create prosperity in the vast underdeveloped part of the world.

Marcuse, in the volume from which I quoted earlier, suggests that we can now speak of the "end of Utopia," in the sense that Utopia is actually realizable from the technological and economic aspect in the industrial countries, by the elimination of poverty and of alienated labor, and that this makes possible the creation of a free society in which aesthetic-erotic enjoyment, rather than work and consumption, will be men's chief concern. This social transformation also depends upon an intellectual reorientation, which Marcuse claims is already taking place through a revaluation of human needs. Only after these changes have been accomplished will it be possible to establish new social relationships.

Marcuse's argument seems to me realistic in some respects, highly speculative and even misleading in others. The progress of technology does make possible the elimination of poverty and of the least satisfying forms of work in the industrial countries, although it presents at the same time very complex problems of economic management which Marcuse ignores. Moreover, the eradication of poverty on a world scale, through aid to the developing countries, is likely to retard considerably the attainment of this economic Utopia in the advanced countries. The intellectual and cultural revolution seems likely to proceed even more slowly, and I differ from Marcuse in thinking that it is only likely to succeed if it is directly associated with changes in social relationships. In Sweden, where a cultural reorientation has probably advanced further than elsewhere, it seems to be linked with changes in the class structure, in the organization of industry, and in other institutions. It is unfortunate that Marcuse adopts such an abstract method in his study of these questions; that he opposes to each other his conceptions of a totally repressive industrial society in the present and a totally liberated society in the future, without examining in a more empirical fashion the actual cultural movements and changes in social structure which could lead to a freer society. One of the most hopeful aspects of the student movement is that it does give rise to new relationships and new forms of self-government which may provide an example to other spheres of society, particularly if students can carry with them into their future occupations the social attitudes which they have formed in the radical movement. This said, however, I remain convinced that the most important change still to be brought about in the industrial countries is the eradication of class inequalities, whether these rest upon property ownership or upon the control of the economy and the political system by a bureaucratic or party elite.

Camus as Himself

LYRICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS. *By Albert Camus. Edited and with notes by Philip Thody. Translated by Ellen Conroy Kennedy. Alfred A. Knopf. 365 pp. $6.95.*

DONALD LAZERE
Mr. Lazere teaches English and comparative literature at California State College at Hayward. He is currently at work on a book on Camus.

Albert Camus was a much more elusive literary personality than has generally been recognized in America. In none of the works that are best known here does he reveal all sides of his temperament or thought; the first-person points of view in *The Stranger*, *The Plague* and *The Fall* are all partly ironic poses, while *The Myth of Sisyphus*, *The Rebel* and the political journalism isolate single lines of formal argument. The works in which Camus was most fully, comprehensively himself were the three volumes of short, lyrical essays, *L'Envers et l'endroit* (1937) and *Noces* (1938)—his first two published books—and *L'Eté* (1954), which are collected in the first half of this new set of translations as *The Wrong Side and the Right Side*,* *Nuptials* and *Summer*. Some of the pieces have been translated individually before, but several of the best have not, and the complete sequence forms what is in effect a new, single work for American readers that stands among his very finest.

The personal essay is the medium in which Camus seems to be most at home

* A disastrously misleading translation in its implied value judgment—exactly the kind of evaluative distinction that Camus constantly rejected. The "front and back" of a fabric or the "heads and tails" of a coin comes closer to the noncommittal sense of the French phrase.

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—that is to say, in the world of immediate, concrete experience. In the lyrical essays (and to a large degree also in the random collection of literary criticism and interviews making up the book's second half) he relaxes and speaks in his own voice of the actual settings and personal relationships of his life, the flesh-and-blood inspirations of the abstract themes of the "major" essays. Here too he reveals the warmth of personality and zest for living, the amused affection for the details of everyday life that he subordinated—in his fiction and plays—perhaps regrettably—to the creation of mythic settings and characters and crisis-pitched action.

Suspending his usual principle of keeping his private life out of his writing, he comes close to autobiography in talking about the poverty of his youth in Algiers, the attack of tuberculosis that threatened his life at 17, early travels to Czechoslovakia, Italy and New York, and the later discomforts of living in Paris and becoming a literary celebrity. He tells of the awkward love between himself and his illiterate, half-deaf mother who raised him as best she could, working as a scrub woman, after his father was killed in World War I. (His mixed childhood feelings toward her of affection and estrangement that he describes in "Between Yes and No" and other pieces indicate the psychological source for the ambivalence toward all of his subjects that was to become the unifying force of his writing.)

Dominating all else is Camus' rhapsodic love affair with the Mediterranean sun, sea and flower-covered landscape. He succeeds in elevating intensity of sense experience into a rational metaphysic, and is able to exalt the communion of man with nature in overtly sexual imagery without lapsing into mysticism, pantheism or the pathetic fallacy. After the first autumn rains in Algiers, "the whole earth lies, its belly moistened with a bitter almond-scented seed, at rest from having yielded all summer long to the sun. And once again this fragrance consecrates the nuptials of man and earth, and gives rise in us to the only truly virile love in this world: one that is generous and will die."

With all their descriptive straightforwardness, the essays are far from artless. They follow a typical structure of a passage of straight narration that evokes a meditation that is in turn elaborated into a paradoxical metaphor or aphorism. For example:

> Sometimes on those opening nights at the theater, which are the only times I ever meet what is insolently referred to as "all Paris," it seems to me that the audience is about to vanish, that this fashionable world does not exist. It is the others who seem real to me, the tall figures sounding forth upon the stage. Resisting the impulse to flee, I make myself remember that every one in the audience also has a rendezvous with himself: that he knows it and will doubtless be keeping it soon. Immediately he seems like a brother once more; solitudes unite those society separates.

Thematically, the essays from the very beginning present Camus' most concise, integrated expression of his ideal of a balance between several sets of antithetical attitudes, a balance that is implicitly embodied in the total of the individual works. First there is horror in the face of death (abstracted into "the absurd" in *The Myth of Sisyphus*), balanced by the pride of acknowledging it honestly: "Don't let them say about the man condemned to death: 'He is going to pay his debt to society,' but: 'They're going to chop his head off.' It may seem like nothing. But it does make a little difference. There are some people who prefer to look their destiny straight in the eye."

Camus also regards this lucidity toward death as a means of intensifying life's joys, in the *carpe diem* tradition: "There is no joy of life without despair of life." And, "My whole horror of death lies in my anxiety to live. I am jealous of those who will live and for whom flowers and the desire for women will have their full flesh and blood meaning." In other passages the anxiety of death is balanced against an attraction toward it as a Lucretian merging with inanimate, eternally indifferent nature. This is Meursault's final attitude in *The Stranger*, depicted there and in two of these essays in the image of being distracted from a funeral by flowerbeds or a Mediterranean seascape reminiscent of Valéry's *cimetière marin*. Camus rejected this early attitude in *The Rebel* in his attack on the romantic and mystical yearning for annihilation, but relapsed into it momentarily in the 1958 preface to *The Wrong Side and the Right Side*, where he extols "that tranquil land where death itself is a happy silence."

This is part of a larger antithesis in which the solitary Camus contemplating nature and natural death is balanced against social responsibilities: "I hold onto the world with every gesture, to men with all my gratitude and pity. I do not want to choose between the right and wrong sides of the world." And, "To correct a natural indifference, I was placed halfway between poverty and the sun. Poverty kept me from thinking all was well under the sun and in history: the sun taught me that history was not everything." This balance in Camus' life is confirmed by our knowledge that the Rousseauian solitary wanderer thanatopsizing in the Roman ruins of Tipasa and Djemila, or celebrating the noble savages of Algerian beaches, was in the same early period of his life joining and quitting the Communist Party, starting a radical theatre, and getting in trouble with French colonial authority as a left-wing newspaper reporter who exposed conditions of Arab poverty.

This antithesis finds a geographical expression as early as his 1937 contrast between his visits to Prague and Vicenza; from then on northern Europe's gray climate is associated with rewardless social responsibility, Mediterranean sunshine with sensuous self-fulfillment. In

SNOW

falling:
it is the whisperings
of spiders. thorough
as the lives of ants.

fallen:
the stillness
at the center
of a bird's mind.
intricate
as his small white bones.

melting:
a gray moth
dragging his wings
to places where insects
die of old age. it
vanishes
like a poem
when you turn the page.

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1958 he writes: "Though born poor in a working-class neighborhood, I never knew what real misfortune was until I saw our chilling [northern] suburbs. Even extreme Arab poverty cannot be compared to it, because of the difference in climate. But anyone who has known these industrial slums feels forever soiled, it seems to me, and responsible for their existence."

The political dimension becomes more prominent in the essays written during and after World War II, when Camus expresses the all-consuming social commitments of the Resistance and cold war in terms of disruption of the Greek ideal of proportion; the romantic tone of the earlier essays gives way to the classicism of "Prometheus in the Underworld" and "Helen's Exile" (although here again the theme is already implicit by 1937 in "The New Mediterranean Culture," translated among the critical essays). A corollary here is Camus' conviction that the interminable struggle for social justice could be sustained only if it was undertaken toward the goal of winning back the freedom—for Camus himself as well as the victims of injustice—to be an egocentric hedonist.

> Europe hates the daylight and can do nothing but confront one injustice wih another. In order to prevent justice from shriveling up, from becoming nothing but a magnificent orange with a dry, bitter pulp, I discovered one must keep a freshness and a source of joy intact within, loving the daylight that injustice leaves unscathed, and returning to the fray with this light as a trophy. . . . Yes, there is beauty and there are the humiliated. Whatever difficulties the enterprise may present, I would like never to be unfaithful either to the one or the other.

Camus' aesthetic as a writer ingeniously embodies the same sets of antitheses. One writes about solitary experiences in order to communicate them to other men; one temporarily turns his back on social demands to write of nature, but thereby extends hope to those who have been deprived of the sun. The author accused of perpetrating a literature of despair in *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus* explains:

> What, in fact, does "literature of despair" mean? Despair is silent. . . . True despair is the agony of death, the grave or the abyss. If he speaks, if he reasons, above all if he writes, immediately the brother reaches out his hand, the tree is justified, love is born. Literature of despair is a contradiction in terms.

In the 1958 preface to *The Wrong Side and the Right Side,* Camus suggested that he was trying to work his way through the European gloom of that period of his writing—epitomized in the fog-bound Amsterdam of *The Fall*—back to the Mediterranean homeland and balanced outlook of his first book. In their emotional equilibrium, as well as in their warmth, intimacy and concreteness, the early essays represent a fulfillment that Camus was never to recapture, as he concedes with Fitzgeraldian nostalgia: "If I have come a long way since this book, I have not made much progress. Often, when I thought I was moving forward, I was losing ground." A melancholy reflection—made all the more so by his death in an auto wreck less than two years later at 46.

Moral Semi-Paralysis

THE PRESIDENT'S MEN. *By Patrick Anderson. Doubleday. 420 pp. $6.95.*

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

In the preparation of this book covering five administrations, Patrick Anderson read sixty-three other books, interviewed more than forty persons who worked around or inhabited the White House at various times and, of course, he talked things over with newsmen who had had intimate dealings with the White House. This sizable and conscientious labor comes across only as a sizable and conscientious labor—tidy, well organized and spiritless. It is a bedside reference book, something that you can dip into for your daily quota of "serious reading."

There's nothing wrong with that, of course. But when you consider Anderson's access, his opportunities for pilfering and eavesdropping, it is hard not to damn him as a gentlemanly bungler. He has served on both Kennedy and Johnson committees, and still wallows in the privilege of an appointee. Very few Washington reporters have the time or the carte blanche that Anderson had for wandering down White House corridors, and I can think of very few of the best ones who, given his opportunities, would not have come up with a fuller or more fleshly portrait of the President's men.

Of the Johnson goon squad, for example, nobody is more intriguing than Marvin Watson. He is virtually unwritten about. Roy Reed of *The New York Times* ostensibly set out to do a critical profile of him and wound up writing a repulsive puff job that would insure a few insider stories for his newspaper. Except for columnists Evans and Novak, in fact, and occasionally Drew Pearson, nobody in the press has really shown us the dirt, hair and skin matter under Watson's fingernails. So here came Anderson with a perfect chance to really produce, and what do we get from him?

> In his role of the President's political trouble-shooter, Watson is often blamed for outrageous acts performed by or on behalf of Johnson. One example was the smear campaign against Eugene McCarthy in the final days of the Democratic primary in New Hampshire in March, 1968. The attack featured radio commercials which implied that a vote for McCarthy was a vote for Ho Chi Minh—a direct and dirty attack on McCarthy's patriotism. Outsiders do not know to what degree this smear campaign originated with Watson, or with Johnson, or with the New Hampshire party leaders. But it was widely believed to be the sort of thing that Watson would approve, or at the very least, not disapprove.

What a letdown. Anderson has no right to limp off the stage with that "outsiders do not know" line. He talked with Busby, Califano, Cater, Levinson, McPherson, Moyers, Redmon, Reedy and Valenti—and he can't give us any fresh information of Watson's rascality? What a reporter. It's easy enough to characterize Watson as a "narrow, crude, and ignorant man," but Anderson supplies no new evidence to support it.

However, I may be abusing him for something he can't help. Although he worked for a couple of years on the Nashville *Tennessean* as reporter, Anderson probably is more of a historian than a reporter. He is capable at stringing together episodes, but he can't recognize

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the importance of something until somebody else has pointed it out. How else can one explain his saying: "I remember seeing the FBI report on one of America's most honored and distinguished journalists; he emerged from its pages as something close to a foreign agent, a man who 'was known' to have spoken to this or that radical politician in 1935, who 'admitted' contributing to some political journal in 1942, etc.," and just letting it go at that. What the report said is of little importance. Everyone knows the kind of stupid pap that finds its way into FBI reports. What I want to know is, does the White House staff slip FBI reports to every casual journalistic visitor? Does the White House staff regularly amuse itself by sitting around sucking on old FBI bones? Anderson doesn't tell us.

Of Billie Don Moyers' brother James, who was one of LBJ's assistants, too, Anderson writes only that he "died unexpectedly on September 17." The way I understand it, James Moyers escaped from the White House into a top job with a Texas company, was literally forced by LBJ to return to the White House despite the President's awareness of what Washington pressures were doing to James Moyers' nerves, and that the grind eventually drove him to suicide. If that, or any version of that, is true, it would be the sort of important shading of White House life that Anderson would kindly, and infuriatingly, ignore.

Several times he writes of Billie Don Moyers' "enemies," but he gives us no clear picture of who they are, or of the general sniping and backbiting and undercutting that goes on. He tries to make us see Moyers as a clever little dove who sneaked some dovish ideas past the hawks around Johnson; actually Moyers comes through as no more than what he was: a go-along toady who favored killing enough Vietnamese but not too many, the sort of decent chap who, in the LBJ milieu, doesn't count for much. And, in fact, Moyers seems just a bit addle-headed. In one place Anderson says Moyers wanted to return to the Peace Corps hierarchy until he changed his mind with "the realization that the real power to get things done was right here—in the White House." Later Anderson says, "Moyers may have felt, deep in his heart of hearts, a bit like Prometheus Bound, as he struggled with the time-consuming trivia of the Press Secretary's job." So we are left to decide with considerable indifference, whether Moyers looked upon his job as "real power" or "trivia" or, perhaps, both.

The greatest defect, however, of the book is Anderson's semi-paralysis when it comes time to draw moral judgments. It is impossible to separate politics from ethics, or at least it is impossible to do so without falling into a pit of boredom. He talks about great national tragedies, and the men who cause them, as though they were the foibles of characters in a Victorian novel. He writes of the horrible folly of the Vietnamese War merely as something that "would seem" to "imperil this dream"—meaning the jerry-built Great Society—a nice balance of understatement with overstatement.

Then we have Clark Clifford, the man who persuaded, or helped persuade, Truman to smear Henry Wallace as a Communist, to leap fully dressed into the cold war, to recognize Israel as a state without reasonable consideration for the divisive effect of such recognition, to create the CIA and the Defense Department and, until recently in the Johnson Administration, to urge increased militancy in Vietnam. The other half of the same side of Clifford finds him earning more than $1 million a year as the attorney for industries that grow fat off a war economy. A completely unsavory character. And yet Anderson, by using old *Nation* and *New Republic* quotes, dresses him as a liberal. If *The Nation* once judged him as such, I am sure it would, in retrospect, alter its opinion; Anderson, as a historian, should be able to make the same adjustments but he is not able. And although he does not ignore the nastiness of Clifford, he clearly admires the man and reserves for him some of his choicest clichés ("a gorgeous man, smooth as silk and tough as nails. . . ." "Clifford's cordial manner is the velvet glove that conceals the iron hand").

However, Anderson is young. Given time he will doubtless produce something of considerable value. He is sophisticated, usually adept at style, and intelligent. If he now has a chance to stop hobnobbing with White House flunkies, he may develop what he really needs, judging from this book: conscience and perspective.

ART / Lawrence Alloway

Wayne Thiebaud's new work (Stone, through November 27) seems fatigued and desperate. In drily brushed paintings and pastels (the opposite of his previous fat paint) he reduces landscape to flat schemata which are then revivified by being set against the light. The tonal masses and the glimpses of details have a deceptive resemblance to visual perception, but it is a put-on. He has drawn a horizon from the lower left corner to the upper right and strung a frieze of cows along it. Clouds, somewhere between UFOs and Indian smoke signals, cast funny shadows on a deep purple hillside. The play of serial and corresponding forms in his early cake paintings are being stretched by virtuoso extensions. Thiebaud was always a skillful painter, but until recently he kept his facility down to a bearable point. Now, he is making witty decorations with the thrust that only ostentatious technique can give them. Typical of the spatial tricks he succumbs to now is a painting of a wooded hill, the side of which is sharply rounded, like an astronaut's view of the planet. The two scales are frivolously posed as a "world view."

Thiebaud has become, in fact, rather like Norman Rockwell, one of whose rare exhibitions has just closed at the Dannenberg Galleries. The central tactic of Rockwell is a fusion of humble naturalism with a gasp-inducing verisimilitude. This flair for imitation is not lightly acquired and in Rockwell it extends to the textures of the American scene (Levis and white wood fences), as well as to expertise in small-town, big-family genre. The exhibition included a group of pictures of people in art galleries where the simulation of other artists' works is *trompe l'oeil* of a very high level. Rockwell is, on the one hand, disappearing behind the naturalness of his American eye and, on the other hand, swaggering forward as a smart technician, and the charm of his art is in the mock modesty of his style. That is not quite the same thing as the gallery claimed when it nominated him for a line "of painters including De Hoogh, Vermeer, Chardin and our own Bingham." Style as entertainment and double takes is Rockwell's business and it looks as though it has become Thiebaud's.

Alfonso Ossorio is showing assemblages at Cordier and Ekstrom (through November 30), not a retrospective but ten new works backed up by twenty-five or so pieces from the preceding twenty years. Without his *horror vacui* abating in the least, Ossorio is mixing his media a little differently; he is using more plastics, which gives a clearer and harder color and introduces a kind of panic-stricken clarity into his frenzied colonies of objects. Instead of suggesting parallels with Dubuffet or "Action Painting," as in his early pieces, he is in the domain of "new materials." His new objects might be designed for Barbarella's trophy room.

The new paintings by Larry Poons (Castelli, through November 23)

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show him to have discarded games of order, indicated by neat color disks on fields of uniform color, to produce gestural art. The paint surface of the earlier works was always aerated by little gaps between colors, or by scattered surviving guidelines in pencil. These were indicators of his interest in an open surface, which is what comes forward as dominant in the new paintings. Floods of pigment, characterized by its original liquidity, and rather gingery in color, recall the work of two other painters: the surface crawling with rivulets and deltas, not thrown at the vertical canvas but puddled on the flat canvas, recalls Alexander Liberman; and the color is spicy in a rather Jules Olitsky way.

The point of these resemblances may be that Poons, like the other two, is interested in a non-expressionistic version of gestural painting. Tracks of the hand and open-material traces are not a sign of released emotion but an alternative to niggling and patient techniques (as in hard-edge painting). After all, flow mechanics are as exact as contour drawing; it is only that different things are being measured. It is time to consider precision in forms beyond those of outline and hard-edged color, as in the free play of materials. An extension of control into techniques previously regarded as accidental and impulsive may accompany this revival of gestural painting. Poon's present work looks transitional; the bunches of large but ghostly color disks, for instance, seem like telltale hangovers from his prior work. Another painter whose new work is more liquid and more open in surface than before is Edward Avedesian (Elkon, through November 21). In place of solid striped circles (which looked like beach balls) are flat, moist, overlapping bands of color, rather like the searchlights on the credits of Twentieth Century Fox movies.

A strange blurb by Edward Albee introduces the Antoni Tàpies show at Martha Jackson (through November 30). "I had been revisiting Leningrad, and flew to Helsinki because I had never been here. Among the quite wonderful people I met in that quite wonderful country was a gifted woman who invited me to her home, in the woods, on the Gulf of Finland, out of Helsinki toward the Soviet border." Well, anyway, she owned the first Tàpies that Mr. Albee ever saw. Whatever the significance of that may be, the show brings into the open what has been latent and occasional in Tàpies' mainly abstract work to date. The slabs of material, like walls or plots of earth, are now rudimentary images, such as armchair, bed, envelope, footprint, plate, torso. These images were needed to move Tàpies' art out of the conventional Matter Painting of the fifties. He has become a kind of Le Nain of Pop art, or a Spanish Jim Dine.

The embarrassments of writers confronted by art is indicated again this month by Julio Cortazar (he wrote the story on which *Blow Up* is based), who introduces Pierre Alechinsky (Lefebre, through November 30). "He doesn't know it, but we like to roam through his paintings, we've wandered through his engravings and drawings for a long time now, examining each turn and every labyrinth with silent and meticulous attention, an interminable groping of our antennae"—which seems to be Mr. Cortazar's way of saying he's looked at Alechinsky's work. The paintings are on paper, mounted on canvas, and represent Alechinsky's most robust effort to add color to his basically graphic style. Acrylics, lighter in weight than oil, seem to have made the difference.

At the premises of Paula Cooper, 96 Prince Street, a group of mainly minimal artists are making "the most forceful statement for peace." According to a manifesto they are "against the war in Vietnam. They are supporting this commitment in the strongest manner open to them, by contributing major examples of their current work." Is that really the "strongest" form of commitment possible—doing your thing and then setting it in a verbal framework of protest? When Iris Clert, the Paris dealer, asked Robert Rauschenberg for a portrait of herself, he sent her a telegram to the effect that "this is a portrait of Iris if I say it is." I have always regarded the wire as a put-down of an importunate lady. Now the technique is being used to fabricate political positions. The artists are saying "this is a 'forceful statement for peace' if I say it is." It is not necessary to attend the show to support it passionately and admire the artists tremendously—and I haven't.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

"Please, please, oh Lord," theatre critics might well cry. "No more classics!" About *King Lear,* Hazlett wrote, "We wish that we could pass this play over and say nothing about it." He meant that it was too great to be encompassed by normal critical standards. I have wished and have been tempted not to say anything about its production at the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center because like 98 per cent of all such productions they make me feel as Tolstoy did with "firm, indubitable conviction that the unquestionable glory of great genius which Shakespeare enjoys . . . is a great evil."

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"About anyone so great as Shakespeare," T. S. Eliot has written, "it is probable that we can never be right; and if we can never be right it is better that we should from time to time change our way of being wrong." The value of being wrong as Jan Kott is in *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* and the way some of the new Shakespeare productions are in England today (not to mention the travesty of Joseph Papp's *Hamlet*) is that they challenge the routine of our reception of the masterpieces. They disturb us into thinking.

It was said of my two separate reviews of the Brook-Scofield *Lear* that they were "unfavorable." Not at all: they were a response to a new statement of the play which stirred me enough to grapple with it as I had done only once before in my long theatre-going habit. Such contention is part of true enjoyment in the theatre. To see *Lear* merely to say that the Goneril is inadequate (or O.K.), that the Fool's lines are (or not) audible, that the leading actor has his good points, that the setting is austere, handsome, unusual or whatever, is not to see the play at all, and has nothing to do with Shakespeare, art or anything else of moment to an adult.

I have just referred to an earlier *Lear* that brought me into a bewildered but rousing contact with the play. It was Michoels' *Lear* in the Jewish Chamber Theatre of Moscow in 1935, a production which Gordon Craig declared to be the best of any Shakespeare play he had ever seen. I could not then understand his enthusiasm despite the original settings.

Michoels was not "every inch a king." He was physically a runt, a poor forked animal, almost a clown. He had very little dignity; the authority Kent sees in him was more an indication of Kent's character than of the king's person. Our audiences and critics would have been puzzled and shocked by that interpretation as I was. But I never forgot it. It was "wrong" in a way that has made me think about the play and led to a further and closer examination of the text.

Lear is a primitive. Shakespeare thought of the story as something that antedates history, timeless. Lear is an emotional savage. He has the furious instincts and wild passion of a primal being. He is like one of those volcanic creatures the rush of whose displeasure may very well turn to murder and just as quickly turn to tearful and equally hectic contrition. The play depicts the development of this man's crude conception of regal majesty to the dawn of his realization that power and nobility do not inhere in the trappings and privileges of kingship, but only in love. Once he is forced into this spiritual crisis even the prospect of imprisonment holds no terror for him so that he tells Cordelia: "We two will sing like birds i' th' cage. . . . So we'll live, and pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh . . . and hear poor rogues talk of court news; and will talk with them too: who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out . . . and will wear out, in a wall'd prison, packs and nets of great ones that ebb and flow by th' moon."

Lear is insane long enough before the purgatory of the heath. The shock of his elder daughters' ingratitude drives him mad, but the anguish and turmoil of his madness leads him to wisdom. Before his fall he was all sudden and driving impulse, possessed, as he says, by *"hysteria passio."* Nearly all his previous actions were choleric, headstrong, grotesquely simple-minded. He is in a constant boil: he is rent asunder by the wrathful elements within him as later he is shaken by the storm without. As the raiments of mundane glory are being torn from him he is only halfway between his old sense of imperial selfhood and his burgeoning humility. So, I imagine him saying: "Ay, every inch a king," beating himself in raging self-mockery, and yet holding to a remnant of that former foolish pride which still dwells within him. The smoothly grandiose Lear of romantic tradition is hardly borne out by the persistent folly of his early behavior. Lear is Man learning through agony and despair the lesson of life: that the most protected of beings is "safe" only through love. It is this progress from uncouth, barbaric passion to the simple dignity of the integrated person which the actor who plays Lear must present.

I am convinced that the ordinary common-sense or middle-class notion of Lear as an irascible dodo of a father who blunders and finds his children unkind not only diminishes the play but makes nonsense of it. Seen conventionally, *King Lear* is just as unworthy a piece as Tolstoy thought it. Shakespeare was no scribe of high-flown homilies; he was a Titan whose conceptions must be embodied with an epic force beyond the confines of familiar rationality.

I shall not blame or praise Lee Cobb. He is an excellent actor of more scope than he is credited with. (For one thing he is a wonderful comedian, as those who saw him in the Turkish bath scene of Irwin Shaw's *The Gentle People* will remember.) His Lear, whatever its faults and merits, is in a vein which I cannot accept as relevant. For the rest, the production strikes me equally inept in setting and in staging; they are linked in such a way as to render both feckless. Nor has the direction served the actors. To take only one example: in the speech of Lear's declaration to Cordelia of his newfound insight into existence (it is in fact a beautiful *love scene*) Lear stands—there is no place on the stage for him to sit—and delivers a sweet old papa's consolatory lecture to his child, a benign bit of domestic philosophy.

Therefore: no more classics—unless the producer is impelled by some greater (*personal*) need than that of fulfilling the pedantic requirement to honor the ancients.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1273

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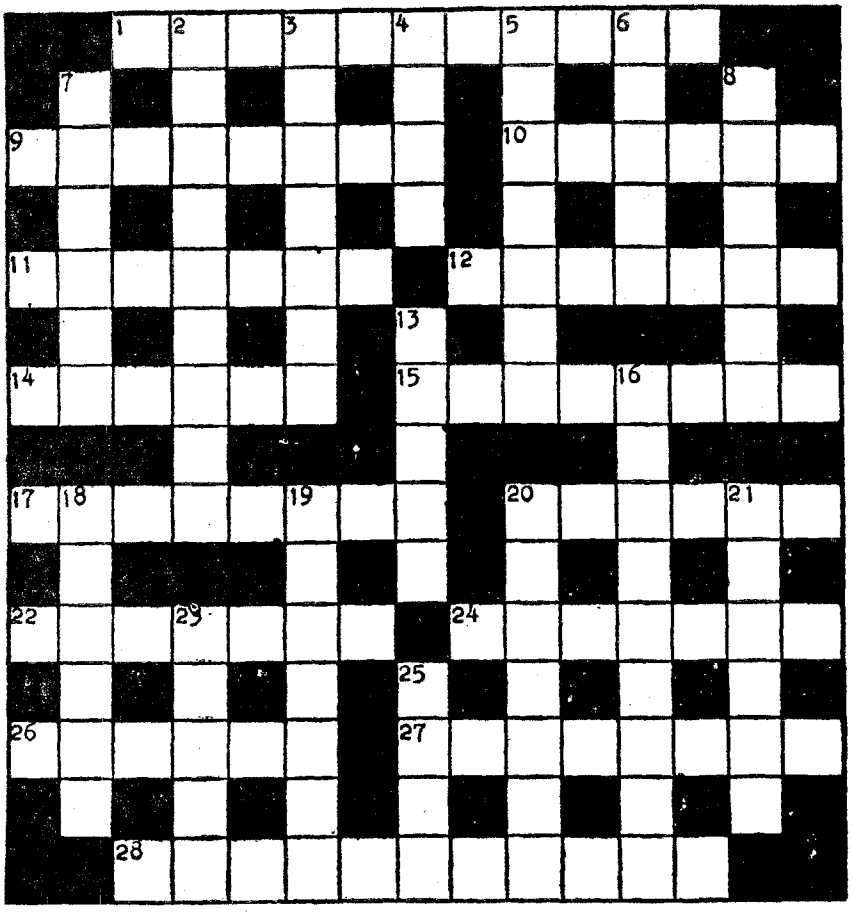

ACROSS

1 and 12 across Less and less election results are unpopular with the businessman. (11,7)
9 Men on board jump—to take the pledge here? (8)
10 Ben said experience keeps a dear one. (6)
11 and 25 down Proving those that try to make you feel at home get walked on. (7,4)
12 See 1 across
14 Does it give the bark bite? (6)
15 They were only partly 3, as a race. (8)
17 Certain to be found in one's liquor of old, perhaps—and in uniform, too! (8)
20 See 2 down
22 The financial difficulties of artists? (7)
24 The counterpart of a gentleman's gentleman? (7)
26 See 6 down
27 Went regularly to 10, perhaps, and listened. (8)
28 Evidently the opponents advisers are confused by it. (11)

DOWN

2 and 20 across It almost sounds as though Twain's work is in no interpretation a wide one! (9,6)
3 Well, you can't say "just like a man"! (7)
4 Brings things into the country without a scrap of food or spirits! (4)
5 One who once was, and probably won't be. (3-4)
6 and 26 across Was it a habit of Jawaharlal? (5,6)
7 Obtuse angle a cat's whisker used to have to touch? (6)
8 The angle of those who try to get all the stock together? (6)
13 Lots of little fish? (5)
16 An exhibition of superiority. (9)
18 One pays for them when it comes to automobiles, even though one might be super! (6)
19 How to give a new term involving the letter "i." (7)
20 One can be the judge. (7)
21 Stands and waits. (6)
23 Politely demanded a desk of different design. (5)
25 See 11 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1272

ACROSS: 1 First-class mail; 9 and 16 Angle of incidence; 10 Achieve; 11 Outcry; 12 Admitted; 14 Diderot; 15 Quasi; 17 Drive; 19 All ears; 21 Tipstaff; 23 Strand; 26 Carrion; 27 Correspondence. DOWN: 1 Fragonard; 2 Righted; 3 and 25 across The Bridge of Sighs; 4 Luff; 5 Standstill; 6 Mahdi; 7 Inertia; 8 Tend; 13 Breakfasts; 15 Quartered; 18 Impasto; 20 Station; 21 Twos; 22 Tiger; 24 Echo.

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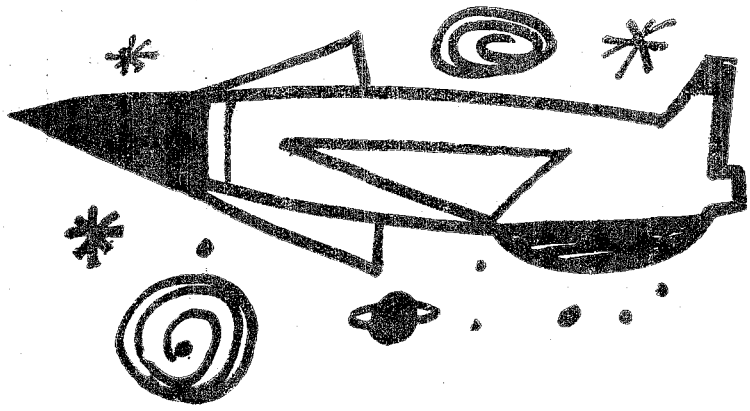

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